

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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EARL AND COUNTESS CADOGAN AND THEIR DAUGHTERS

The Earl and Countess Cadogan with their three daughters Lady Sarah, Lady Caroline and Lady Daphne Cadogan. They have one son, Viscount Chelsea, who was ten in March. Lord Cadogan who is the seventh Earl succeeded his father in 1933. Lady Cadogan was formerly the Hon. Primrose Yarde-Buller, and is Lord Churston's youngest sister. She married Lord Cadogan in 1936



Decorations by Wysard

Portraits in Print

IT is commonly supposed that Ascot was instituted in 1727." Thus an Encyclopaedist with an all too erudite sneer at the tip of his pen. He is happy (as who would not be in his position?) to correct the error.

The Royal Meeting, as appears from the records of the Master of Horse, was established by Her Late Majesty Queen Anne upon August 6, 1711. "At which period of time," wrote Addison, "as my good friend Sir Roger has often told me, he has more Buusiness as a Justice of the Peace among the Difoluate young people of the County than at any other season of the year."

But Sir Roger's Buusiness, at least as a J.P., can never have called him to this lush, green corner of Berkshire. Indeed, Windsor magistrates are chiefly remarkable for the very lightness of their duties, and this must be especially true of their tasks in Ascot week.

Consider this mellow dictum from a writer of the 1880s. "It is now almost a reflection upon members of 'Society' not to put in an appearance on the Heath, and to be seen in the Enclosure sets a stamp of respectability on those who are fortunate enough to obtain an *entrée* from the Master of the Buckhounds."

The urbane, not to say complacent, journalist who opened his observations on Royal Ascot thus, more than sixty years since, was sure of his ground and properly appreciative, no doubt, of the social standing which he held thereon.

Royalty, headed by the Prince of Wales (who, seventeen years later, was to remodel the course), was present "in abundance" to see the winning of the Gold Cup with a score of runners taking the field.

As with many splendid occasions, the pomp of that meeting is now forgotten, but the memory of at least one circumstance survives, and that an oddity which should never have found any part in the elegant proceedings.

Those distant and mysterious demigods, the Handicappers, confused (it is said) the likely horse Cormeille, the property of a certain Mr. Leigh, with a very ordinary animal of a

similar name, and, upon this false premise, weighted him very lightly.

The backers, despite the hall-mark of respectability which hung so importantly from the lapels of their frock-coats, perceived the opportunity to turn this slip to golden advantage. Their sovereigns wagered upon Cormeille's chances poured in with such speed and prodigality that he soon became the hottest of hot favourites. It is sad therefore (in a nostalgic way) to have to relate that Mr. Leigh's perfidious chestnut failed even to get a place and that the race was won in suitably imperial style by the Duke of Beaufort's Eastern Emperor.

Ladies First

A CENTURY and a quarter ago, Ascot was already providing what the *New Sporting Magazine*, probably coining the phrase, amiably describes as a "rich bill of fare." In that year (1832) the sensation of the meeting was a race between the first three Oaks fillies, in which, despite a vast amount of knowledgeable prognostication to the contrary, the three ladies maintained exactly the same order as they had at Epsom: "Oxygen thus showing herself as good in speed as bottom, the distance being but a mile."

The Oatland Stakes, then considered to attract the finest field the country could produce, also provided its nine days' wonder, for the joint favourites, Mouche and that celebrated steed The Colonel (carrying nine stone six pounds), reached a dead heat for first place. "Thus the gallant Colonel closes his career as a racer though we hope he may yet enjoy many happy days on half-pay and that his progeny may emulate the achievements of their sire."

The Runners-up

IN more modern times Ascot has had another significance. My lord may keep his eyes on the field, but my lady sometimes allows hers to wander to other lines than horseflesh can

provide. The Ascot Frock takes its place in every parade, and the trainers are the dress designers whose sharp eyes and competitive hearts equal those of any bow-legged gentleman in gaiters.

Perhaps it was always so; certainly Mrs. Papendick, who in the 1780s was Assistant Keeper of the Wardrobe and Reader to Her Majesty Queen Charlotte, spent much of her time at Windsor, and the little confections she ran up for members of that parsimonious Court must have found their way to Ascot lawns.

She could spread herself, too, on occasion. From modern lovelies we hear of organdies and moygashel, of boleros and "snood-effects," and some of these technical descriptions may well make our masculine eyes open with respectful astonishment, but to Mrs. Papendick must go the palm, the straight left, the sartorial knock-out, the blow between the eyes.

There had been a period of depression at Court. His Majesty King George III had hardly been himself for some little time. But now the new Doctor Willis brought by Mr. Pitt had braved the jealousy of his brother medicos and had effected something like a cure. The king was coming home and could once more bring himself to speak to his wife and daughters. Courtiers and citizens alike rejoiced and, naturally, the ladies turned their attention to their wardrobes.

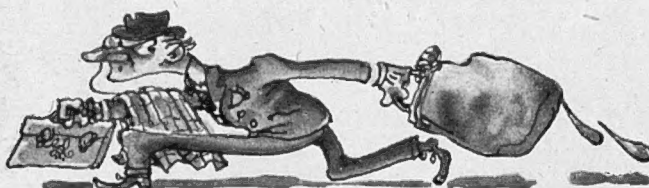
Here is Mrs. Papendick superintending the toilette of a debutante. "I at once offered to help Miss Jervois in working her gown, a most beautiful India jaconet muslin which was to be embroidered in small sprigs and stripes with gold thread. We procured our materials at the Golden Ball, then Eyston and Crooks, and elegantly did we finish it; singing and reading going on, while we worked like slaves but so merrily that we were in the height of enjoyment.

"The *façon*, or make, was new. The dress round, with a small train prettily sloped from the sides; the bodice had the cape with the handkerchief under, and three straps as before. The capes were edged with purple and gold cord and the body was laced with gold cord over a purple stomacher."

So far so good; we are still on our feet. But she goes on: "The words 'God Save The King' were worked in purple and gold on the white satin bandeau. Shoes, purple satin. Mrs. Jervois had a purple silk gown, opened over a crepe petticoat embroidered in gold. Purple bandeau in her cap, with the motto in gold thread and spangles. All the dresses looked remarkable when finished."

Here's a Health . . .

IN that year the patriotic urge was considerable. Miss Fanny Burney writing to her father from Weymouth, where the Court was on holiday, corroborates this intense loyalty. "His Majesty," she writes, "is in delightful health and much improved spirits. All agree he never looked better. The loyalty of this place is excessive; they have dressed out every street with labels of 'God Save The King'; all the shops have it over their doors; all the children wear it in their caps, all the labourers in their hats, and all the sailors in their voices, for they never approach the house without shouting it aloud, nor see the king, or his shadow, without beginning to huzza, and going on into three cheers.



"The bathing machines make it their motto over all their windows; and those bathers that belong to the Royal dippers wear it in bandeaux to go into the sea; and have it again in large letters round their waists, to encounter the waves. Flannel dresses tucked up, and no shoes nor stockings, with bandeaux and girdles, have a most singular appearance, and when I first surveyed these loyal nymphs it was with some difficulty I kept my features in order.

"Nor is this all. Think but of the surprise of his Majesty, when, the first time of his bathing, he had no sooner popped his Royal head under water than a band of music, concealed in a neighbouring machine, struck up, 'God Save Great George our King!'"

Illusion Shattered

KING's Messengers are (or should be, if they had a right appreciation of the fitness of things) figures belonging properly to the pages of Oppenheim and Le Queux. But times change. These fellows, it now appears, dash

around the continents by air very much in the same way as any humbler man of affairs. Yet a certain distinction remains.

At Croydon not long since the bearer of one of those Silver Greyhound badges arrived suitably and impressively encumbered with many lead-sealed bags each bearing the superscription "Official—Secret."

The customs officers, noting the urgent gleam in the important traveller's eye, made haste to usher him through to the waiting car. It seemed it could be only a matter of minutes before the messenger would be completing yet another vital mission in Whitehall. But at the final barrier a man in a peaked cap laid a gentle hand upon his arm.

"It is no business of mine," he said, pointing to a sinister dark patch on one of the bulkier bags, "but in the interests of security, I must inform you that one of your official secrets appears to be leaking out."

YOUNGMAN CARTER

[Deputizing for Sean Fielding, who will resume his articles next week.]



Derek Adkins

H.H. THE TIKKA RANI OF KAPURTHALA

H.H. the Tikka Rani of Kapurthala is making her first visit to London and Paris since the war. This photograph of her was taken at the Belgravia home of Mr. Henry Channon, Conservative Member for Southend-on-Sea. Princess Brinda of Kapurthala is the mother of three pretty daughters, Princess Sushila of Bharatpur, Princess Ourmila of Jubbil and Princess Indira who works in London with the B.B.C. where she has made a name for herself

George Bilainkin.

VISITING MIDDLE EAST

CAIRO—Wrought-iron gates opened and closed on the balcony circling the first floor, and I was shown into the room where the Egyptian Cabinet meets. From the Premier's armchair I noted two gold, inscribed, panels on the table, recalling the two occasions when young King Farouk presided over the Cabinet. He entered the room in 1941 to open the notable campaign against the nation's painfully, ubiquitously evident Ignorance, Poverty and Disease, and visited the chamber again last year.

Modest sized photographs of the premiers since 1878 fill an enormous frame. Pictures of Mustafa Nahas Pasha, momentarily silent leader of the popular Wafd, and principal critic of the monarch, show several variations.

And now, in the adjoining study, I was listening to Mohammed Fahmi en Nokrashy Pasha, leader of the seventy-eight Saadists in the Parliament of 264.

Premier, Foreign Secretary and Home Secretary, he is to lead the delegation to United Nations in the battle with Great Britain. Smiling affably, speaking frankly, showing almost no bitterness, he told me bluntly why the tens of thousands of British troops must leave Egypt—if we are not to become eternal enemies. He mentioned, too, the Sudan dispute and its history.

OF medium height, dark-haired, jovial, Nokrashy smiles at the least provocation, belies the statement in reference books that he is sixty-one. Twenty-one years ago he was acquitted of the charge of complicity in the murder of the Governor-General of the Sudan, Sir Lee Stack.

NOKRASHY speaks with a brilliance characteristically Oriental the standard English one would expect of a lecturer at one of the elder English universities. He stresses the finer uses of an adjective with the permissible knowledgeable delight of a connoisseur.

Early in 1945 when Ahmed Maher Pasha was assassinated, Nokrashy already for five months Foreign Minister, succeeded as Premier. In February, 1946 differences arose, and Nokrashy gave up the highest office for a short while. During the negotiations last year, trailing over nearly nine months, for the revision of the terms of the Treaty of Alliance signed in 1936 for twenty years, Nokrashy was a prominent delegate.

DAILY at nine he reaches the Home Office, and at twelve the Premier's office. He works till two and returns at five for three hours. Tuesdays are devoted exclusively to the Foreign Office, near the overpowering palaces of the British and American Missions. Fridays are sacred for the Heliopolis home of Mme Nokrashy and the two remaining children.

Nokrashy toys with the newly presented string of beads, offers but does not smoke cigarettes, speaks courteously of the British envoy, studiously declines to permit the name of the former envoy, Lord Killearn, to pass his lips. Under the eighteen lit bulbs in the imposing chandelier the two hours and a half have raced. A queue has formed outside, and unwillingly I rise, conscious that the room is about to add to the history of international relations.



Mohammed Fahmi en Nokrashy Pasha, Premier, Foreign Secretary and Home Secretary in the Egyptian Government



SHOW GUIDE

Straight Plays

Jane (Aldwych). Comedy from Somerset Maugham's short story, with Yvonne Arnaud, Ronald Squire, Irene Brown and Charles Victor.

The Man from the Ministry (Comedy). Very slick topical comedy with Clifford Mollison and Beryl Mason.

We Proudly Present (Duke of York's). Most entertaining satirical comedy by Ivor Novello on backstage life, with Phyllis Monkman, Ena Burrill, Mary Jerrold and Peter Graves.

Born Yesterday (Garrick). Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

The Eagle Has Two Heads (Globe). Jean Cocteau's drama with magnificent performances by Eileen Herlie as the queen of a remote country, and James Donald as her lover. This is theatre in the grand style.

Present Laughter (Haymarket). Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling satirical comedy for a twelve-weeks season, with Noel Coward and Joyce Carey in their original parts.

Edward My Son (His Majesty's). Tragic comedy. Period 1919-1947. Play by Noel Langley and Robert Morley who acts brilliantly with fine support from Peggy Ashcroft.

The Winslow Boy (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Frank Allenby and Frederick Leicester.

Ever Since Paradise (New Theatre). New play by J. B. Priestley. Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans have the leading parts.

Tess of the d'Urbervilles (Piccadilly). Wendy Hiller, Hugh Burden and Henry Mollison, all act superbly in this adaptation from the novel.

Life With Father (Savoy). American comedy success with Leslie Banks and Sophie Stewart.

The Play's the Thing (St. James's). Molnar's amusing comedy with Clive Brook, Michael Shepley and Claud Allister.

Angel (Strand). Mary Hayley Bell's new play which is set in the popular theatrical period of 1860, with Joyce Redman and Alan Webb.

Now Barabbas (Vaudeville). Brilliant acting in this moving and original play about prison life.

Worm's Eye View (Whitehall). Ronald Shiner and Jack Hobbs are in this entertaining comedy about R.A.F. men who have billet trouble.

Clutterbuck (Wyndham's). Basil Radford, Naunton Wayne, Gabrielle Brune and Constance Cummings on a cruise which ends in amusing complications.

Twelfth Night (Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park). Produced by Robert Atkins with Mary Honer and Kynaston Reeves.

With Music

Bless the Bride (Adelphi). C. B. Cochran's new musical operetta by Sir A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis with Georges Guétary, Lizbeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

Sweetest and Lowest (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold. Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

Annie Get Your Gun (Coliseum). Dolores Gray and Bill Johnson in another tough, tuneful and terrific musical from America.

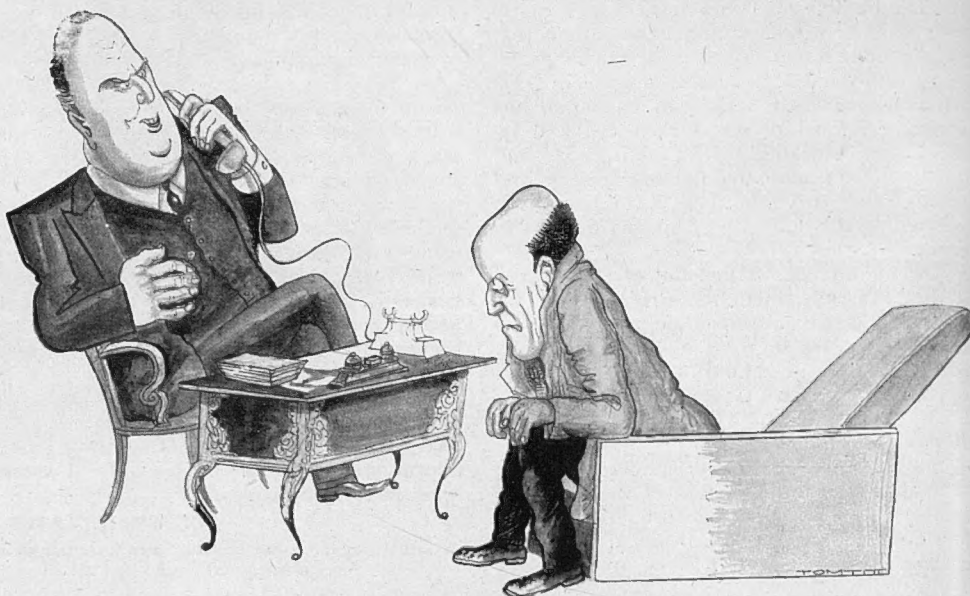
Oklahoma! (Drury Lane). This American musical play has everything. It is tuneful, decorative and moves with typical transatlantic speed and smoothness. It also has an all-young and enthusiastic cast.

Perchance to Dream (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

The Bird-Seller (Palace). This tuneful operetta about romantic complications at the court of an Empress has Richard Tauber conducting, Irene Ambrus, James Etherington, Adele Dixon and Douglas Byng singing.

Here, There and Everywhere (Palladium). Tommy Trinder's musical and mirth show.

Piccadilly Hayride (Prince of Wales). Sid Field and a decorative and able cast delight the eye and ear.



Sketches by
Tom Titt

Sir Arnold, the financial success, is confronted by failure in the shape of his former partner Harry Soames, just out of jail, where he served "time" for their joint misdeeds. (Robert Morley, Richard Caldicot)

At the

"Edward, My Son"



Dr. Larry Parker and Evelyn Holt, the faithful family doctor stands by the financier's hardly used and unhappy wife (John Robinson, Peggy Ashcroft)

THE hero's first business is to appear before the curtain opulent in astrakhan. With that engaging manner which belongs to his part-author and impersonator, Mr. Robert Morley, he proposes to show us in ten scenes how he comes to be opulent in astrakhan. In 1919 he was a young married man with uncertain prospects; now, in 1947, he owns more than one of the newspapers we read, he owns the theatre in which we sit, and he has a controlling interest in many firms which to us are household names. What powerful motive has moved him from penury to wealth, power and a barony? Well, he had a son—

The curtain rises on Mr. Morley and Miss Peggy Ashcroft in the first ecstasies of parenthood. There is no other baby in the length and breadth of Daighton quite like Edward, and nothing can be too good for such a miracle of babyhood. The world shall be his oyster, cries the absurdly proud and blandly confident father. It is a most adroitly composed stage picture of domestic bliss, and when a few years later the almost bankrupt young tradesman manages to secure by means of a little well-judged arson an eminent Swiss surgeon for his sick boy we are by no means unsympathetic. We seem to be getting a beguilingly good theatrical version of the Card of Arnold Bennett; and insurance companies must look after themselves.

IT is the Card who averts his son's expulsion from a good school by the simple expedient of buying the school, a delightful scene much enriched by Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith's satisfyingly solid and comic sketch of a smug headmaster. But bit by bit the hero ceases to be a Card and becomes a ruthless rogue on the make. He betrays his confederates, who perish miserably; he has what seems a rather charming love affair with his secretary but



Sir Arnold Holt and his secretary. The financier who commits unforgivable sins to obtain the best of everything for his son takes a bit of time off. (Robert Morley, Lueen Macgrath)

Theatre

(His Majesty's)

abandons her at the threat of divorce; he drives his wife into the cheerless toying of the hopelessly disillusioned; he procures the destruction of a girl's baby against her wishes; all, of course, for the sake of his son who, pampered at every turn, goes steadily to the devil.

THROUGH these developments the authors keep their sprightly touch and the play remains until almost the end theatrically effective. But one begins to wonder a little uncomfortably exactly what is the point they are trying to make. Do they wish us to think that Lord Holt's affection for his son is genuine and that, as such, it lends his heartless crimes a saving grace? Or is it their intention to satirize a type not uncommon between the wars? But if we take their sentiment seriously it seems a trifle gimcrack, and of recognizable satire there is little or nothing. The authors' attitude to this Napoleon of crooked finance is from first to last the amused tenderness of an Arnold Bennett for his Card. It is this lack of decision which will spoil the play as a play for the discriminating few, but fortunately the vagueness declares itself too late to spoil the evening, which discriminating and easy going alike will agree is rich in good things.

Not least among these good things are Mr. Morley's bland roguery, an all too brief passage of fine acting by Miss Ashcroft as a good woman on the verge of destruction, a nicely judged performance by Miss Lueen Macgrath as the great man's mistress, and, of course, the headmaster of Mr. Clarke-Smith. My heart bleeds for the luckless young gentlemen who came under his eye while his discomfiture still rankled.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Lord Holt loses his soul in continuous efforts to give his son education and luxury, and destroys him in the process. (Robert Morley)

BACKSTAGE



WHEN James Bridie's *A Sleeping Clergyman* is revived at the Criterion on June 19, Robert Donat will again be seen as the two Charles Camerons, the dual role which he created in the original production at the Malvern Festival in 1933, before its long run at the Piccadilly.

Margaret Leighton, recently with the Old Vic company, who will play the roles of Harriet, Wilhelmina and Hope Cameron, has been temporarily released from her contract with Sir Alexander Korda to appear in the play.

PLAYING his first straight part—that of a bank clerk who is the unwilling winner of a newspaper competition to find the "ordinary man"—Bobby Howes will soon be seen in Geoffrey Kerr's *The Man in the Street*, which Basil Dean is to produce.

From what I hear the role will give him plenty of opportunity for comedy, for as the hero of the competition he finds himself in a luxury hotel and in the toils of a dazzling blonde.

MARGARET SULLAVAN, Wendell Corey and Audrey Christie, the three members of the cast of John van Druten's comedy hit, *The Voice of the Turtle*, have arrived from New York for the production of the play which opens a three weeks' prior-to-London tour at Manchester on Monday. Miss Sullavan, whom filmgoers know, was in the original New York production three years ago.

MOIRA VERSCHOYLE, the attractive Irish-born wife of playwright Warren Chetham Strode for all of whose plays she has designed the décor, is making her own debut as a playwright when *The Young May Moon* is produced by the Repertory Players on June 22.

She tells me that the play, which, set in an old country house in 1880, takes its title from one of Tom Moore's poems, is "nostalgic and romantic." "I wrote it," she says, "just before my husband's play *Young Mrs. Barrington* was produced three years ago, but I put it aside in order to devote myself to stage décor. Now I hope to continue play-writing as well as designing."

I expect the Tennent firm will be interested in her first play, in which the leading part will be played by William Mervyn, who was the headmaster in *The Guinea Pig*.

BRIGHTON has a first-night production of its very own on Saturday, when at the Imperial Theatre (which in future is to be devoted to a policy of big musical productions) Jack Hylton presents *High Tide*. The whole of the proceeds of the opening performance will go to Sussex charities.

Hylton describes it as "a Brighton breezy musical," and it will run throughout the summer season. That will be nice and convenient for its principal stars, for Arthur Askey lives at Worthing, Florence Desmond at Angmering, and Eddie Gray at Shoreham.

The revue will introduce, among other artists, Josephine O'Hagan, a promising young operatic singer who was discovered by one of Hylton's talent scouts in Dublin.

WITH the production of Priestley's new play *Ever Since Paradise*, Michael Weight, who has designed the décor, has four West End shows to his credit. The others are *The Winslow Boy*, *Clutterbuck* and *Off the Record*, and he will complete a nap hand when Emlyn Williams's *Trespass* comes to town shortly.

During the war Weight, whose first success as a designer was in Williams's *The Corn is Green*, served for five years as a lieutenant in the R.N.V.R. Born in South Africa, his knowledge of Dutch came in useful, for he served on several vessels of the Dutch Navy.

CONCERNING the production of *The Bird Seller*, I am reminded of a curious fact which I have not seen referred to elsewhere. It is that Marie Tempest sang the part of Adam, the hero, in the New York production in 1891 and in the following year she sang the soubrette part of Christal. I don't suppose James Etherington, the Adam of the Palace production, will be able to rival that feat!

Beaumont Kent.

JAMES AGATE

At The Pictures

Why not a Film of this?



Tony Halfpenny and Nigel Stock in a scene from Reginald Beckwith's play about Borstal, "Boys in Brown" at the Arts Theatre

I SUPPOSE Hollywood and the film-magnates of this country, too, owe three-quarters of their plots to juvenile, adolescent and adult delinquency. Isn't it about time the cinema did something to recognize its debt? And might not one of the best ways of recognizing that debt be to examine what makes these delinquents go wrong? There must be some reason why young costermongers

enjoy jumping on their mothers; the theory that a few months at Borstal and a few remarks from a kindly governor with greying temples is going to turn these young brutes into exemplary pillars of society just won't wash. With you, dear reader, possibly; with me, no. I suggest that there is a whole domain of pure morals of which cinema thugs of all ages are just not aware.

TAKE that part of the moral field which is concerned with the appropriation of other people's property. If you have £10,000 a year there is no temptation to steal. From which it follows that he who refrained from stealing has been in as much moral danger as a man remaining on dry land has been in danger of drowning. If, however, you have not even tenpence a year, and, owing to the state of the labour market, no way of earning it, there is, so to speak, no dry land available. Your element is dishonesty, and you take to it naturally. It is easy to say that honesty is the best policy. *Policies take time to mature.*

ALL that the proverb really means is that honesty will pay you best in the long run. But suppose there isn't any run, long or short? There was once a political prig, and to this prig there is erected in Peel Park, Salford, a statue, to which as a child I was trotted up for immediate precept and future guidance. For on the pedestal I was made

to read the words: "My riches consist not in the multitude of my possessions, but in the fewness of my wants." But even at the age of ten I realized the existence of an irreducible minimum in the matter of wants, and that if the original of the statue had not had sufficient possessions, or been in the way of acquiring enough of them in order to satisfy his minimum wants, he must have turned prig in the lowest sense of the word. Now it seems to me that here, at an inconsiderable age, I laid down a law of human nature which the greatest sages have not yet succeeded in grasping. That Great Law of Nature and the failure of man's little laws to cope with it successfully are the point of Mr. Beckwith's play, *Boys in Brown*.

MR. BECKWITH's Borstal shows us a dozen or so of boys each of whom presents an individual problem. One has stolen money because his father drinks the dole and he has no other way of keeping his mother, brothers, and sisters from starving. What shall be done about him? Is he a criminal because he has been driven into crime? Is he an out-and-out detrimental? Or is he that most difficult case, something between the two? Then take the case of Gormy Evans, who has been sent to Borstal for an assault on a young girl. I remember Maurice Healey telling me a story about an Irish boy on trial for seducing a colleen under age. The boy had written to her: "Far away from me now there's a little gap in the hills, and beyond is the sea; and it's there I do be lookin' the whole day long, for it's the nearest thing to yourself that I can see!" Pure Synge, of course. The judge let the boy off, found the money for the marriage, and started the couple in a little shop. But this was in the last century, and Borstal, which so far as I know is an English institution, was not opened until 1902. The boy in our play is half-witted, has no sense of guilt, and is driven to suicide by his love for the girl and his longing for the baby he has never seen. A third boy bashes people for the love of bashing and the odd coppers.

"YES!" says the reader, "that's all very well. But would *Boys in Brown* make a good film?" It would if you thought it would. It is certainly a bundle of grim and very human documents which have a disquieting air of

being true, and heaven knows we have little enough truth in our cinemas. It is reasonable that the young thug who is going to hit an old gentleman over the head with the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* should expect him to be wearing the top-hat he has never seen him without; reasonable that he should feel aggrieved when the nakedness of the cranium gives greater effect to the blow than was intended. The lad's defence to the charge of murder is the reiterated: "Why wasn't he wearing a hat?" It is this kind of thing which rings true.

MR. BECKWITH's purpose is to find some common treatment which shall cover delinquents as far apart as these. The play's weakness is that it charges the authorities with persecuting the Borstal boy when he leaves instead of helping him. Even if this be true, the charge should not be made in a theatre, but formally in a place where the authorities can have an opportunity of answering it. If a man secures a post of cashier in my office on forged references without disclosing that he has just done a stretch for embezzlement, I think I should be informed. On the other hand, criminals stick to their "lays" as strictly as shoemakers to their lasts. I don't profit by being told that my jobbing gardener is an ex-railway thief who stole bags when their owners had gone off to buy a newspaper. But I should take no action. I am just not in the habit of planting suit-cases in one corner of the garden while I go off to weed another. The public has a responsibility in this matter as well as the authorities.

THE piece now being shown at the Arts Theatre is extremely well acted, and I should like to see it made into a film with the same players. No, I don't mean photographing the stage play. I mean the happenings of the play shown as they really occur. Hollywood gave us that little masterpiece, *Boys' Town*. Why shouldn't Denham give us *Lads of the Village*? Are there parts for Mesdames Margaret Lockwood, Phyllis Calvert, Patricia Roc, Jean Kent? No. But the odd thing is that I am actually prepared to contemplate an evening at the cinema without a glimpse of these enchantresses. But I should insist on one of our British Dead End Kids having a sister. Her name? Megs Jenkins.

BARBIROLI

Photograph by
Tasker, Press Illustrations

The Hallé Orchestra's distinguished conductor, John Barbirolli, derives no part of his reputation from those tricks of showmanship which are affected by some of his contemporaries. His readings, by no means academic, are notable for their deep understanding of the composer's mood and mind. Under his baton, even the most familiar and beloved works blossom afresh with details and subtleties long since forgotten. The Hallé, whose home is in Manchester, where it was directed by the late Sir Hamilton Harty, has given only one performance in London this season, on May 28, at the Royal Albert Hall. At full strength it has 110 players, and is among the most perfectly-balanced teams in the country. Mr. Barbirolli, a notable cellist before he became a conductor, is a close friend of the Maestro Toscanini, for whom he frequently deputized whilst in America. Born in London forty-eight years ago, he has conducted the Hallé since 1943 and, despite his eminence in the musical world, still insists his hobby is cricket.



Jennifer went to the FIRST ROYAL GARDEN

The King and Queen held a Presentation Party in the garden of Buckingham Palace at the end of last month. This was the first Presentation Party to be held since the Courts in 1939, and attendance at this Presentation Garden Party and the one arranged for yesterday, June 10th, will rank as "Presentation at Court." It was a brilliant social event, combined with the quiet simplicity which surrounds our beloved Royal Family. It was good to watch the happy and excited faces of the young people (many of whom had served in the Forces during the war years) as the Royal Party came out to join their guests. His Majesty the King, accompanied by H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and the Earl of Clarendon, went off in one direction; H.M. the Queen,



Mr. and Mrs. A. E. K. Cull with their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Cull. There were 5000 guests at the Presentation Party this year



Mrs. Stanley Newall, Mr. Stanley Newall and Mrs. Peter Newall walking up the Mall on their way to the Garden Party

Her Majesty the Queen, followed by H.R.H. Princess Margaret Rose, smilingly greeting the guests. The Queen was wearing a beautiful pale-blue dress, with a hat of blue ostrich feathers and tulle, while Princess Margaret looked charming in white

PRESENTATION PARTY

accompanied by H.R.H. Princess Margaret and the Duchess of Northumberland, went another way, while H.M. Queen Mary accompanied by the Dowager Countess of Airlie went in a third direction. They stopped every few yards to greet friends, until after an hour they eventually arrived at the Royal tea tent, where they were joined by the Ambassadors and their wives, led by the Doyen H.E. the Brazilian Ambassador and Mme. de Aragao. The Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice, Mr. and Mrs. Attlee and two of their daughters, Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, the Duchess of Hamilton, the Hon. Mrs. Michael Bowes-Lyon and Lady Jowitt also had tea with the Royal Party



Mrs. Charles Taylor, Miss Charman Sparrow and Miss Petronella Elliott. Only a few of the guests wore long dresses



Air Marshal Sir James Robb, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., who is A.O.C.-in-C., R.A.F. Fighter Command, arriving with Miss Robb



His Majesty the King, accompanied by H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, walking among the guests. The King was in the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, and Princess Elizabeth looked very lovely in a pink-and-white striped dress



THE TATLER
AND BYSTANDER
JUNE 11, 1947



Woodstock Horse Show and Gymkhana, Held at Blenheim Palace, in Oxfordshire,

The winners of the Fancy Dress and Wheelbarrow race were Mr. N. White and Mrs. K. G. Langley. There were over 7000 people at the show

The Duchess of Marlborough presenting the Championship Cup to Miss Ann Healey on Mrs. P. Fleming's Nona

Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill on Silver Cloud, owned by her father, the Duke of Marlborough, which she rode in the Best Hunter Class

BECAUSE of his Majesty's decision, which followed the usual practice in recent years, of ordering only family, and not full Court mourning for the late Earl of Harewood, neither the Presentation Parties nor the arrangements for the attendance of the Royal family at Epsom or Ascot were affected.

Nor did the death alter the arrangements for the private celebration of Queen Mary's eightieth birthday, when thirty-one members of the Royal family sat down to lunch together and drank the health of her Majesty after the King had proposed it in a brief speech. Lieut. Philip Mountbatten was among those present.

Their Majesties' visit to the Chelsea Flower Show with the two Princesses at six in the evening on judging day enabled them to spend an hour and a half quietly exploring the exhibits without more than a handful of other people, officials, judges and so on, still in the grounds. Queen Mary, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and the Duchess of Kent were at the Show at the same time, but each Royal party moved separately round the tents and the rock gardens.

Lord Aberconway, President of the Society, received their Majesties at the Embankment Entrance, with Lady Aberconway, General Sir Clive Liddell, Governor of the Royal Hospital, and Lady Liddell, and Mr. David Bowes-Lyon.

THE following morning was crowded with members, many of them accompanied by their gardeners. Lady Cranborne, wearing no hat and looking very attractive, was an early arrival, and so was Lord Fairhaven, whom I saw talking to Mr. Jack Thursby. Major and Mrs. Kirkpatrick were two more morning visitors. The Hon. Mrs. Henry Tufton, displaying three fine yellow orchids on the lapel of her black coat, was looking at Charlesworth's fine exhibition of these blooms, while Mrs. Stephen Player was discussing which delphiniums to order for her lovely garden in Gloucestershire. The delphiniums were gigantic, and, as one spectator said, looked as though they had been grown on champagne, they were so wonderful. Count and Countess Paul Munster I saw at the En Tout Cas stand discussing the possibilities of having a hard tennis court laid.

The stall of fruit and flowers exhibited by the National Farmers' Association was a wonderful example of British produce.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH, looking very sweet and attractive in a dress and jacket of navy-and-white patterned crepe and a white hat trimmed with navy blue, presided at the annual meeting of the N.S.P.C.C. at the Dorchester.

H.R.H. opened the meeting with an excellent short speech, very much to the point, and then called on Miss Myra Curtis, the principal of Newnham College, Cambridge, and Mrs. John Watson, chairman of the South-East London

Juvenile Court, to speak. They were followed by the Home Secretary, Mr. Chuter Ede, who was not down on the list of speakers, and said he was rather a gate-crasher, but he took the greatest interest in the welfare of the children of this country.

As we all heard, the Society is doing a big job investigating cases of neglect, ill-treatment, violence and corruption of morals, and where necessary prosecuting, but this is always a last resort. It can't be stressed too strongly how necessary it is for everyone to report any suspected cases of children suffering from neglect in any form to this Society, which will always investigate discreetly.

The Duke of Portland, chairman of the Central Executive Committee, thanked the Princess for presiding at the meeting.

There were over 500 members at the meeting, and among those I saw were Viscountess Hambleden, the Dowager Lady Swaythling, Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, who had to leave early, Dame Irene Vanbrugh, Sir Spencer Portal, Lt.-Col. Sir Hugh Turnbull, Lady Emmott, Lady Dorothy MacMillan, Lady Beveridge, Admiral Heard and Lord Rowallan.

THE French horses once again stole the thunder at the Hurst Park Bank Holiday Meeting, and one horse in particular, the brilliant Chanteur II., who won the valuable Winston Churchill Stakes over a mile and a half on Saturday, and came out on Whit Monday to win the White Rose Stakes of nearly two miles in convincing style from Look Ahead, with the Maharajah of Baroda's French mare Pirette, third. The Maharajah had arrived only a few hours before the race by air from America.

As was to be expected with lovely weather both days and good racing, there was a big crowd. The women came in their summer clothes and looked gay, but I noticed some of the men, too, did their best to brighten the picture. Among these were the Earl of Rosebery and the Earl of Portarlington, both wearing grey bowlers and I.Z. ties, while the Hon. Thomas Egerton wore an I.Z. band around his immaculate white Panama hat. Mr. Jimmy de Rothschild, who was talking to French friends in the paddock before the race for the White Rose Stakes, wore his usual buttonhole. I met the Netherlands Minister and his charming wife, Mme. Verduynen, watching the horses in

the paddock; also on the steps at the side of the paddock I saw the Marchioness of Linlithgow with her brother-in-law, Lord Herbert, Mrs. Dick Harrop, Mr. and Mrs. George Glossop, and Mr. John Redmayne.

Others at the meeting were the Countess of Rosebery, looking cool and chic in a printed dress, Lady Stanley in black-and-white, and her two sons, Lord Stanley and the Hon. Richard Stanley, whose nice two-year-old Shuttlingslow won on the second day. Sir Humphrey de Trafford I saw, and his four attractive daughters, the Earl of Carnarvon and his son, Lord Porchester, Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Joel, Mr. J. Ferguson, Mrs. Rennie-O'Mahony, who told me how nervous she had been over the broadcast she did on Saturday night, Lady Georgina Coleridge, Mr. Derek Mullins, and Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke.

GLORIOUS sunshine encouraged the women guests to wear their gayest and prettiest frocks at the first Presentation Garden Party, while their escorts usually wore grey top-hats with their morning coats. Wives of members of the Diplomatic Corps looked exceptionally smart, and I especially noticed Mme. Massigli, wearing a huge black cartwheel hat with a very chic elephant-grey short dress, beautifully draped. Mme. Bianchi, the lovely wife of the Chilean Ambassador, wore a large black hat too, with her pretty soft pink and black imprimé dress. Helen Duchess of Northumberland looked very beautiful in a printed crepe dress and large hat, with her many rows of lovely pearls, while her daughter, the Duchess of Hamilton, looked very attractive in a short pale-blue dress and a little feathered hat to match. Lady Claud Hamilton looked cool and attractive in a grey and green imprimé and was receiving many congratulations on the birth of a grandson. The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough came in by one of the garden entrances and walked up the shady path with their debutante daughter Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill and their married daughter, Lady Caroline Waterhouse, and their son-in-law, Mr. Hugo Waterhouse.

Others I noticed on the fine lawns of the Palace or enjoying the delicious tea and iced soft drinks served in the long tent included Lord and Lady Erleigh chatting to Sir Henry and Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, Lady Gowrie, Mrs. Geoff Phipps-Hornby and her daughter,

Janifer writes

HER SOCIAL



Johnson, Oxford



The Hon. Deirdre Lumley-Savile is the only daughter of the late Lord Savile and of Lady Savile, and the sister of the present Baron, who is giving a dance for her on June 12th

the Home of the Duke of Marlborough

Miss H. E. Early taking the triple bar on her own mare, Primrose, in the Hunter Jumping Class. There were six fences in the course

Lady Jane Nelson, who is a sister of the late Duke of Grafton, with her two small daughters, Juliet and Jennifer

JOURNAL

Rachel, with Mrs. Harry Misa and her daughter, Kit, looking sweet in a gay imprimé, with a white hat and accessories; Viscountess Davidson with her son-in-law and daughter, the Rev. George and Hon. Mrs. Fox, and her younger daughter, Jean; they were chatting to Mr. Cyril and the Hon. Mrs. Butterwick, who is Lady Davidson's sister, and their daughter, Anne, who looked very attractive in pale blue. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Whigham were sitting in the shade of the trees, as were Mrs. Graham Rodson and her pretty daughter, Sonia. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Shankland, the latter looking most attractive in navy blue and white, were having tea with her brother, Mr. Ian Akers-Douglas, and his wife.

I met Mrs. Geoffrey Sherston, accompanied by her pretty daughter, Jill, and her sister, Mrs. Milburn. Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer, the latter in an exceptionally pretty printed dress, were with Lady Meyers' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Knight. Lady Elizabeth Motion brought her debutante daughter, Joan, and I saw the Hon. Mrs. James Baird with her debutante daughter, Lavinia Jenkinson. Major-General and Mrs. Ingram Musson brought their two attractive daughters, Mrs. Loftus Craven, in pink with a hat to match, and Mrs. Godfrey Coome, in a printed crepe, who were being presented on their marriage. Mrs. Middleton was with Lady Ritchie, Mrs. Tommy Hickman, looking nice in pink and black, brought Mr. and Mrs. Eric Scott. Tall Mr. Michael Wood I met with his attractive wife, who was discussing plans for sailing at Bembridge this summer.

The Duke and Duchess of Grafton came with a family party, and others I saw were the Countess of Scarbrough with her daughters, Mary, Elizabeth and Anne; Lady Boyle with her daughter Anne, Sir "Chips" Maclean with his wife, who was presenting her younger sister, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Tangye, Lady Savile with her daughter, Deirdre, and her son, the Hon. Henry Lumley-Savile, and his wife, Lady Inchiquin, with the Hon. Deirdre and the Hon. Grania O'Brien, Miss Catherine Imperiali, Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon, the Hon. Mrs. Randall Smith with her daughters, Mrs. Tim Collins and Miss Jane Smith, Sir David and Lady Maxwell-Fyfe, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Jessel and Miss Eleanor Jessel, Lady Bailey with her daughter Patricia, Sir David and Lady Allan Hay, and Sir John and Lady Thornycroft.

THE evening of the first Presentation Party Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd gave a small dance in his charming Chapel Street house for debutante Miss Raine McCorquodale, who looked enchanting in the dress she had worn at the Queen Charlotte's Ball. Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd was still abroad, so Mrs. McCorquodale, in a dress of grey and purple and wearing a lovely tiara, received the guests with the host.

Among those I saw at the party were the tall Duke and Duchess of Marlborough and the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the latter in white and wearing the lovely Marie Antoinette diamond necklace, a cherished family heirloom. Lady Claud Hamilton was another I noticed wearing a lovely diamond necklace, while the Countess of Rosse, who brought her debutante daughter, Susan Armstrong Jones, wore some of her exquisite emeralds and diamonds.

Lady Hamond Graeme, who came with Sir Egerton, was dancing energetically the whole evening. Lord and Lady Delamere were enjoying supper at the little candlelit tables in the garden, on this very warm evening, and others I saw supping were Lady Jean Rankin, who has lately been appointed a Lady-in-Waiting to H.M. the Queen, the Rt. Hon. Malcolm McCorquodale, Mr. Hugh McCorquodale and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys.

Among the young marrieds were the Marquess and Marchioness of Tavistock, who was wearing a superb necklace of aquamarines with her black dress, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Soames, the latter in a long sleeved pale-blue chiffon dress, Mr. and Mrs. Denis Alexander, Sir Evelyn and Lady Delves Broughton, and the Hon. Julian and Mrs. Mond.

There were many pretty girls dancing, including Miss Rose Grimston, the Hon. Cecili Paget, Miss Georgina Phillipi, the Misses Rose and Anne Eden, Lord and Lady Knolly's daughter Ardyne, and Sir Bede and Lady Clifford's daughters, Anne and Patricia. Young men partnering them included Mr. Philip Briant, Mr. Howard Schmidt, a cheery American who is with the U.S. Military Attaché here, Major Norman Fraser, Lord John Manners, Mr. Reece Davies, and Col. Maclean, who got two D.S.O.s for gallantry in the war.

TOMORROW night, June 12th, the Airborne Forces Security Fund are holding their ball at the Dorchester. Mrs. Denis Burke is the chairman and has worked hard to assure the success of the ball, the aim of which is to raise money for this very good fund.

THIS year the Footlights, famous dramatic club at Cambridge, has put on its first May week show for seven years. At the A.D.C. Theatre, Cambridge, this week it is being produced by Stephen Joseph, who is Hermione Gingold's son. The book, lyrics and music are written by the Footlights, which in the past has started such famous people as Jack and Claud Hulbert, Davy Burnaby, Harold Warrender, Richard Murdoch and Peter Haddon.



Pearl Freeman

The Hon. Patricia Stourton works at the Foreign Office. She is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Mowbray, Segrave and Stourton, whose home is Allerton Park, Knaresborough, Yorkshire



Bassano

The Hon. Patricia Eyres-Monsell is the youngest daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Monsell. Her father, who is the first Viscount, is a former First Lord of the Admiralty. He was created Viscount Monsell of Evesham in 1936

JENNIFER'S GALLERY

THE HORSE SHOW AT BEDDINGTON PARK, HACKBRIDGE



Mr. H. J. Colebrooke presents the first-prize rosette to Mrs. H. S. Gates, the winner of the Driving class



Mr. J. Goddard, Huntsman of the Surrey Union Foxhounds, with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Farmer, who come from Somerset



Mrs. Owen Roberts with her twin daughters, Lucinda and Camilla, had a grand-stand view from the top of their car



Count Orssich on Royal Token receiving his fourth win of the day in the Open Hack class from Capt. Tony Collins



Two of the judges, Capt. Tony Collins, M.B.E., and Col. G. de Chair, O.B.E., M.C., photographed in the show ring

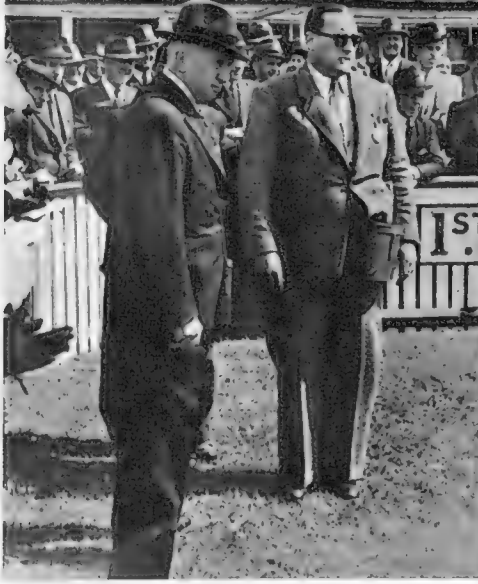


Mrs. J. Nelson with Miss D. Agelasto and Miss S. Wilson, who were all winners in the Riding School class



Mr. A. Leftwich's pair, driven by Mr. B. Horton, who is a former coachman to the King, looked very handsome trotting proudly round the ring. The Horse Show was sponsored by the Surrey County Horse Association

Towcester Races



Monsieur P. Magot looking pleased after his horse Chanteur II. had won the Winston Churchill Stakes



Major and the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan, who is the daughter of the late Lord Woolavington. She owns Edward Tudor



Col. A. Renwick with his daughter, Miss Prudence Renwick, and Mr. Anthony Shead were among the many racegoers



Mme. Marcel Boussac in the paddock with two friends. M. Boussac owns Nirgal, which ran second in the Winston Churchill Stakes



Major Beckwith Smith with his sisters, Mrs. Pugh and Miss Beckwith Smith, were enjoying the racing



Mrs. Guy Peyton, Mrs. Geoffrey Sebag and Mrs. Walter Norris were chatting in the Members' Enclosure



Mr. and Mrs. John Hislop. Mr. Hislop, the well-known G.R., came in third in the Grand National this year on Kami



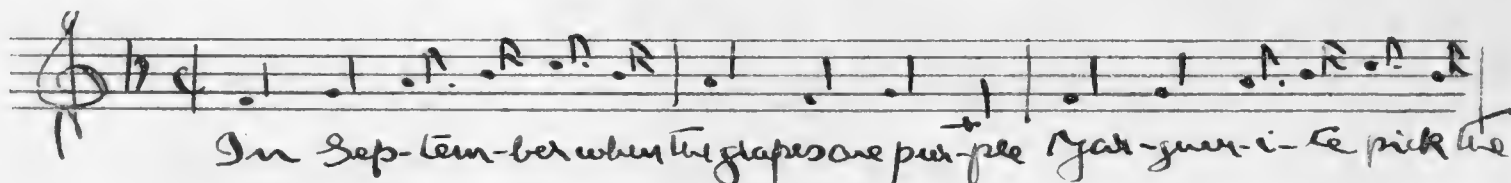
Mrs. Stanhope Joel, whose husband owns many racehorses, is herself the owner of that good filly Wild Child

Walter Swift



Mr. Robin Fisk was talking to Mrs. Stephen Bassett between one of the races on the crowded course

Racing at Hurst Park



Original MS. of "Marguerite"
—(Chappell & Co.)

Self-Profile

Vivian Ellis

by

WHEN I was a baby, I was so backward that my mother took me to a children's specialist, who told her not to worry as I would almost certainly turn into a genius. We are still waiting and hoping, although it may be getting a little late now.

I was sent to a public school during the First World War, where I spent my time in the O.T.C. doing antiquated drill (even for those days), and have disliked all Germans ever since. In the interval between the wars I often had a nightmare of being back at school. This only ceased with the last war, when, in the Services, the dream became grim reality.

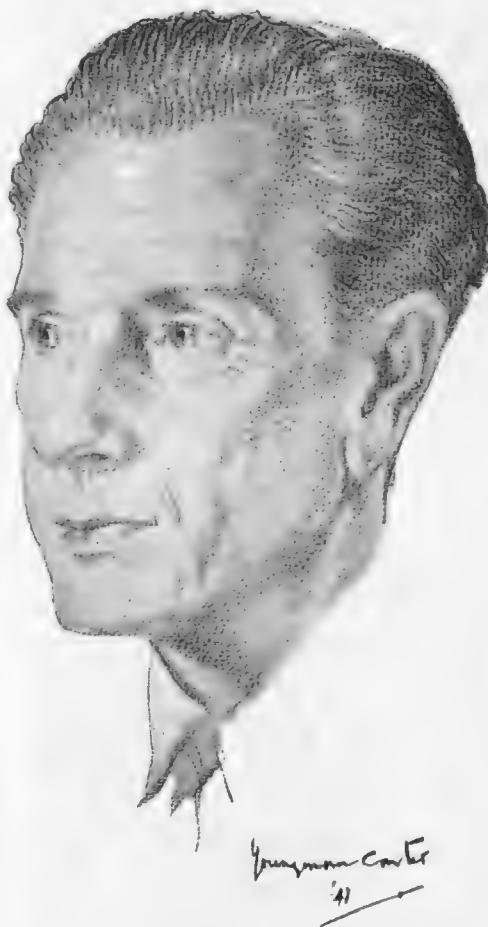
I left school to study the piano under Dame Myra Hess. I left her, most unwillingly, to be put into business, where I was so obvious a misfit that against my family's advice I decided to try and make a living by composition. Armed with only a few art-songs and the absolute certainty that one day I would see my name on a sign outside a theatre, I eventually obtained a position in a popular music publisher's in Charing Cross Road at fifty shillings a week and couldn't have been happier. I was on my way.

Here I first became acquainted with Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge, who were then starting together on their own, and this association, with various vicissitudes, continued until just before the war. Later, in the Navy, my Hulbert training stood me in good stead, for no stretch of watchkeeping could be longer than some of their rehearsals.

My first real success, however, came through the American music publishers, Max and Louis Dreyfus, who now control the firm of Chappell and Co. Through them, I was commissioned by a reluctant Julian Wylie to compose the music for *Mister Cinders*, and with a temperature of 102, followed by a long illness, proceeded to write *Spread a Little Happiness* for Binnie Hale. That was in 1929, and Chappell's are still my publishers. During the 1930's I composed many musical shows, but none with more relish than *Jill Darling*, for which, despite considerable opposition, I eventually persuaded the management to engage an artist called Frances Day, who scored an overnight success. A song from this piece, "I'm on a Seesaw," subsequently became a best-seller in America. Incidentally, both *Mister Cinders* and *Jill Darling* had great difficulty in getting to London, and both became big successes.

Although by this time I had four novels to my discredit, and Cicely Courtneidge and Frances Day were always telling me to write my own lyrics, it was not until 1936, when I very diffidently offered Frances a ditty about her dog, that I started doing so, and, except when working with my friend Sir Alan Herbert, easiest of collaborators, have written my own words ever since. Thus encouraged, I wrote the lyrics to four more songs and took them to

Vivian Ellis.

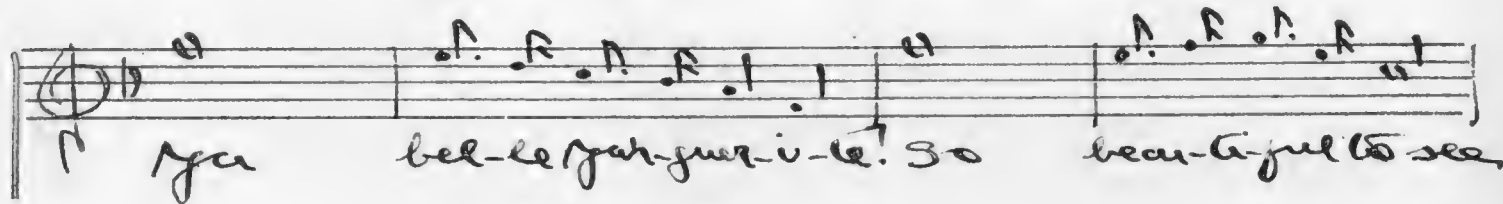


Sir Alexander Korda, who later accepted three—by cable from mid-Atlantic. As far as I am aware, they are still on the shelf, but the one he overlooked, "She's My Lovely," became the hit of a Hippodrome show. This brought me a commission from the late George Black to write the music and lyrics for *The Fleet's Lit Up*. Since those days I have written material for many artists, including (in strict alphabetical order, in case they should see this), Jack

Buchanan, Leslie Henson, Bobbie Howes, Evelyn Laye, Anna Neagle, and that exquisite singer, Yvonne Printemps. My last light musical play was *Under Your Hat* in 1938, following which I went to America. In 1939 I left Hollywood, Universal Pictures and Deanna Durbin, in order to play a less important role in the R.N.V.R.

DURING the war I had little opportunity for writing, and after more than six years of sterility began seriously to consider my musical career at an end. Charles B. Cochran apparently thought otherwise. Before the war I had composed music for two of his revues (one with A. P. Herbert), but he now offered me an opportunity which realised my greatest ambition, the score of an operetta. *Big Ben* was followed by *Bless the Bride*. This faith in my ability, after so long a silence, has been, without doubt, the most decisive influence in my career. To have worked for Cochran is to have savoured the full bouquet of the theatre, and I know of no more satisfying an experience.

WELL, there is my story in a concentrated dose. In appearance I am 5 ft. 10 ins. tall, eyes dark brown, hair dark brown, single, with no other distinguishing features, according to my passport from which I have borrowed this description. (A passport is a necessary adjunct, for, much as I love my country, I prefer holidays abroad, where the hotels manage to welcome visitors, as well as their money.) I appreciate good music, conversation and cuisine. I dislike swing, swank and sycophancy. I tear up almost as much as I write, knowing that once it has left me for its appointed soundtrack, wave-length, or wax, I cannot call it back. I like to laugh—at myself amongst others. I am no longer surprised at anything. I live with my mother and sister on the fringe of Exmoor. True, it takes longer to get there, but is more my idea of the country than a week-end cottage nearer the outer suburbs. The house, before it was converted, was a kennels. Often, when digging in the walled garden, I come across bones hidden by a bygone generation of bloodhounds. While so employed I find I can concentrate on my own work. In a way, the two things are complementary, for in each one usually reaps proportionately to the amount one sows, though there are bound to be some disappointing seasons between. Talent alone is not enough. The difficulty is to exploit it. One gradually and painfully acquires a technique, the tenacity of a limpet, and sooner or later, recognition. To me, luck is a species of quinquennial bonus, thrown in by a kindly Providence, something to be thankful for, but on no account to be taken for granted. The rest, at least in my profession, is either blood, toil, tears, and sweat—or silence. Unless, of course, you happen to be born a foreign composer.





Fernandel, who is considered to be the French George Formby, owing to his remarkable facial resemblance to that Yorkshire comedian



At the Châtelet Theatre in Paris. Here he seems to be having difficulty with the barman's apron which he wears in one of his scenes



A finishing touch for his stage make-up before the show, called "Chasseurs d'Image." It is one of the most popular of Parisian successes

A Great French Comedian

Fernandel, who for a quarter of a century has been a favourite comedian in France, has achieved much popularity over here recently since the London showing of his two films *Fric Frac* and *The Well-digger's Daughter*. His true name is Fernand Joseph Désiré Contandin, and he started acting at the age of ten in 1913



Priscilla of Paris

Down South

I HAVE always had a weakness for the between-seasons season at famous pleasure resorts when one can enjoy all the amenities of the luxurious hotels of the Côte d'Azur combined with the *dolce far niente* one only obtains—in my opinion—at my Farm-on-the-Island. I came down to Cap d'Antibes just before the Whitsuntide rush in order to be present at the Volterra-Berg wedding, and found the Cap looking its loveliest. The roses are in full bloom, and the scent would be overwhelming were it not tempered by the sea-breezes.

I am no botanist. I recognise roses, buttercups, daisies, honeysuckle, and I can tell the difference between an orchid and the more spectacular kind of iris, but I have no names for the masses of gorgeous blossoms and foliage that cover the walls of the villas, carpet the gardens, climb walls, droop into the sea and entwine the pillars of the pergolas.

On this beautiful stretch of coast, where such celebrities as Hedy Lamarr, Maurice Yvain and Lily Pons have holiday homes, and the houses that once belonged to the late Henri Duvernois, Max Maurey, Dranem and Rudolph Valentino are still pointed out as show-places, one also finds Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis's low-built, red-tiled "Zero," with its green English lawn, its many wide-windowed living-room which contains the rare, spindly, white-enamelled iron chairs that are so coveted, as well as the rather more comfortable, deep armchairs, chintz-covered with a pale flower design on a white ground, and, a little farther round the curve of the gulf, Léon Volterra's "Les Nielles," with its lovely old furniture in a modern setting and the sunken water-lily pool in the garden that slopes down to the sea. It is still early for the bathing, and the pool at Eden Roc shows an unbroken, translucent green surface looking like an immense square-cut emerald.

THE *mariage civil* of Léon Volterra to Mlle. Suzy de Berg was celebrated some time ago, and it was only this week that the still-honeymooning couple—it looks as if this blissful state will last them to the end of their days—were able to find time to come down here to celebrate their union at the little church round the corner in the old town of Antibes (picture on wedding page). Such a lovely old church, beautifully decorated with flowers; such a charming ceremony, with only a few lifelong friends attending; such an exquisite little bride, who wore a simple white frock by Jacques Fath and a lovely Le Monnier hat of the palest blue that looked as if it was made of spun glass by fairy fingers, framing her blonde-gold hair like a halo!

It had rained all night, but we consoled ourselves with the Provençal proverb, "*Jour pluvieux, mariage heureux*," and then, at the

very moment when the car stopped at the church door, the rain ceased and the sun shone out as the bride entered the church on Dr. Grandchamp's arm.

The Abbé de Varelles, who officiated, is one of the great men of the Résistance. I met him later at the reception held that afternoon at the villa where M. Jean Pastour, the Mayor of Antibes, and well-wishers arrived from all along the coast. Amongst the guests were M. and Mme. Schneider, M. and Mme. Baudouin, Mme. de Berg, the bride's mother, who wore a flower-frock of mauve-and-blue foulard; Mme. Grandchamp, in red and blue with picture-hat; Charles Vanel, the film-star, and his pretty young wife; Philip Tallien, of St. Tropez; Jean Gabriel Domergue, whose villa, above Cannes, is another show-place on the coast; M. André Corniche, the artist, who does so much for British visitors at the Bureau des Étrangers, and who has just had an exhibition of his pictures at the Hôtel Majestic; Mme. Le Monnier and her good-looking son, Jean; Mme. K. Maniez, and Mme. Isabelle Rogin, looking like a Watteau shepherdess escaped from her frame, in a flower frock, her lovely soft white curls delicately tinted with mauve.

LÉON VOLTERRA's lucky star twinkled brightly this week. His last production at the Théâtre de Paris is beating all box-office records, and when we arrived at Cannes in the evening to dine at the Brummel, the late-news board in the atrium of the Casino announced the victory of his horse, Roi de Navarre, at the Tremblay races that afternoon; while later, in the rooms, his luck still held at the tables. I always believe in following up such a run as this; therefore I shall put my last pair of nylons on Parisien, who is entered for the Derby, although he didn't do too well in the Two Thousand Guineas! By the time this appears Epsom will be ancient history, so will sympathisers kindly rejoice or weep with me, as the case may be!

Voilà!

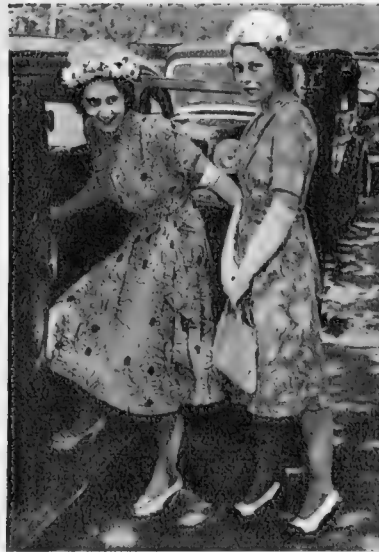
● Mr. John Bull, tourist in France, complains to the proprietor of his boarding-house: "You call this Ocean Hotel," he says angrily, "but I can't get even a glimpse of the ocean from my windows!" Monsieur Jacques obsequiously bows: "What does Monsieur see when he looks out?" "Only the Hôtel d'Angleterre!" "Well . . . if Monsieur was staying there, would Monsieur expect to see England from his window?"



MORE PICTURES FROM



Mrs. Harry Misa with her daughter, Miss Kit Misa, leaving their hotel en route for the Palace



Miss Joan Robinson and Miss Margaret Robinson waiting in the stream of cars



Mrs. Oliver Thynne, Miss June Dill and Col. Oliver Thynne, grandson of the late Lord Henry Thynne



Col. and the Buchanan



Col. Kirkpatrick, Miss D. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, who were approaching from Constitution Hill



Major Guy Knight, Mrs. Guy Knight, Mrs. A. T. Lloyd and Miss Cathleen Lloyd



Mr. and Mrs. M. and Mr.



Mr. S. R. Allsopp, Miss J. Allsopp, the Hon. Joanna Littleton, the Hon. Mrs. S. R. Allsopp and Miss C. Allsopp



Mrs. Jack Nelson, Miss Duggan, Miss Diana Nelson and Miss Edith Duggan

THE ROYAL GARDEN-PARTY



Hon. Mrs. Macdonald
and their daughter, Mrs.
Lumphreys



Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Nolan arriving
at the Grand entrance of
Buckingham Palace



Lady Holmes and Miss Valentine
Holmes before entering the lovely
gardens of the Palace



Major Harry Talbot Rice, the Hon. Mrs. Rice
and Miss Penelope Rice



Vaughan, Mr. A. G. Deucher
and Mrs. Sparke Davies



Mrs. E. W. Pennington, Miss Phillida Pennington
and Major E. W. Pennington



Major Denis Alexander, Lady Kemsley and her
daughter, Mrs. Denis Alexander



Lt.-Cdr. Armard Smith, Mrs. Fowle and Mrs. Armard
Smith arriving at one of the garden entrances



The Duchess of Grafton, the Duke of Grafton, Lady Cecilia FitzRoy, Lady Mary
Rose Williams, Mr. Francis Williams and the Dowager Duchess of Grafton

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing

By ...

HAVING (according to a pack of raving connoisseurs) already ruined a priceless Velasquez for ever, the National Gallery boys are proceeding with the spring-cleaning and polishing of their remaining Old Masters, a spy tells us, with renewed vim and a look of infinite contempt.

The fate of two favourite pictures interests us personally—the matchless Van Eyck portrait of Arnolfini of Lucca and his wife, and that fascinating Goya nightmare called *El Exorcismo Forzado*. Anyone having to repaint either of these masterpieces after a too-zealous scraping and scrubbing has our sympathy. No doubt the officials are reasonably fussy. We dreamed this scene last week:

"Oh, I say, look here! Half the Van Eyck cleaned right off! Tck, tck!"

"Looks more artistic, if you ask me."

"And the Goya! Too much steam, surely?"

"Yes, well, that's Charley's fault. Hoy, Charley! [No reply.] There you are! Left it on full-pressure and popped out for a quick one!"

(Irritable cluckings from official.)

"Well, look here, you'll have to replace all necessary paint on both before leaving tonight. Understand?"

"Cor!" (Mutinuous grumbings.)

A tone of grieved remonstrance was also (in our dream) deemed effective:

"Mrs. Mopp! Mrs. Mopp! Oh, dear! What would Michael Angelo think?"

"Me being a respectable woman, not knocking round with them Soho spivs, couldn't say."

"I wonder if the Director ought to examine your scrubbing-brushes? They seem to be tearing holes in the canvas."

"You take yer foot outer me bucket, I'm busy."

As for the howling connoisseurs, if we were the Gallery chaps we'd invite them to take a running jump into the fountains in the Square, wet or dry. *Il faut souffrir pour être Bull*, as the little actress said laughingly to the tax-collector.

Fodder

BIG pre-war agricultural shows like the Bath and West used to be so pleasant on a summer day with gay machinery in brilliant primary colours, gaitered farmers, chintzy



Ray

"I've got queer knocking noises under my bonnet"



"Dammit, Sir! Do you really think I'd order a 'Tooty-Frooty Rosebud' salad?"

women, beautiful cows, and that pervading fragrance of crushed grass and oilcake, that one trusts this year's revival will not be too heartrending; especially in the Cheese Section.

One of the few craftsmen in Cheddar cheese, whom we knew, died quite recently, having lived his last years munching soap from Connecticut, like the rest of us. That sharp Cheddar tang, that rich firm curd, that ripe, nutty suavity can be produced only by the masters, and we gather that if they begin making it again they may be imprisoned for life by Min. of Food marks. This will be regrettable, for although there are some 107 equally noble cheeses all over Europe, there is, only one Cheddar. Maybe one survivor in Somerset will get away and hide in Mr. Gough's caves at Cheddar Gorge till the hue-and-cry is over. "On your left," the guide will say mechanically, "Uncle Joe Wookey, outlawed by La Belle Summerskill, and about to spring," and the trippers will stare with lacklustre eyes, and yawn, and shamble on dispiritedly, as trippers do.

Marine

YET another steel tramp steamer having broken in half at sea, we consulted a marine authority, who says waves can be as lethal as rocks; the factor being not the size of waves but their periodicity, as compared with the length of the ship. If she is caught hanging on two wave-crests, bows and stern, with nothing underneath her, she may snap.

In which case (he said) it's too bad for the shareholders, who get very little sympathy from novelists or poets, yet suffer acutely. For



"Do I look as though I'd enjoyed the party?"

example (he said) Slogger Dickens expends a wealth of emotionalism on the wreck of that ship in *David Copperfield* with Steerforth aboard, but never sheds one tear for the Board of Directors. In the City (he added) they'd think more of Longfellow equally if he'd started off:

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea,
And the skipper had taken along
A little chartered accountant,
To keep him company.

Blue were his [the chartered accountant's] eyes as the fairy flax,
And golden was his hair,
And as he was there to represent
Ten thousand shareholders
Of the Evening Star Marine
Transport Corp'n., Inc., of
N.Y.,
The skipper took great care.

As the chartered accountant would be on the bridge all day and night, seeing that the skipper navigated properly and did not sleep or drink, there would naturally be no wreck. The poem would end instead with a moving description of the Chairman at the annual general meeting declaring an interim dividend on ordinary shares of 25 per cent.

We asked how Dickens likewise could have struck the right note. This chap said easily, by switching a moment from the howling waves at Yarmouth to a stricken shareholder's humble cottage in Park Lane.

Torsi

THAT nude citizen leaping round in Hyde Park near Marble Arch the other day, flourishing a knife, seems to have caused relatively little excitement. The public probably thought he was advertising some rubbish or other. As for the nude citizen to be viewed any day at Hyde Park Corner, he has long since lost any interest for the Race.

We refer of course to the Achilles Statue, which does not represent Achilles, just as the Eros of Piccadilly Circus isn't Eros. "Achilles," a copy of one of the statues on Monte Cavallo at Rome, made from guns taken by Wellington, was put up by the Women of England in 1822 as a tribute to the Iron Duke. Apparently they didn't know till too late that he was going to be nude, and a great howl went up from thousands of indignant citizens denouncing the Women of England in the Press as vile Continental hussies and Babylonian trollops. But Earth went on hurtling through Space, and the seasons came and went ("day, and night, and the iron titles of the night"), and the howling subsided, and the censors slept, and the Women of England recovered their primal sauciness, and "Achilles" was duly forgotten.

Footnote

THE next notable row of the kind arose in the 1920's over the nude Epstein statues decorating the façade of what used to be the British Medical Association's buildings in the Strand. They're still there; begrimed, desolate, bereft by the weather and Time's malice of odd bits and pieces of their anatomy; unlike the model employed for them by Epstein. Him we

met only last week—as elegant, slim, and vivacious a greybeard as one could wish to know, rather like Slogger Shaw, but possessing a sounder philosophy. So the world goes.

Illusion

ORGAN-RECITALS as superb as that broadcast from Westminster Cathedral by Marcel Dupré of St. Sulpice the other night confirm our theory that the inventor of the cinema-organ was a very naughty person. But are organists totally innocent of blame?

On the north wall of the Royal College of Organists, by the Albert Hall, is a fine terracotta frieze of the Decadent School, inspired apparently by Tennyson's poem *A Dream of Rich Women*, showing rich women running after F.R.C.O.'s with flowers and fruit, so far as we can judge from the tops of passing buses. Exhibitionism on the part of late-Victorian organists; elaborate, finical, baroque gestures with a wealth of needless stops; bravura-work in rococo pieces depicting storms in the Alps—all this made organists the rage of idle and dissolute Mayfair. The boys were paving the way inevitably for the cinema-organist, his thick, sweet throbbings, his seat going up and down, his halo of frightful coloured lights. Foreboding seized many organists at the time, as Tennyson remarks:

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary, etc.

But the rot had set in, and the grim sequel was not far off. When Huysmans charged the great Charles-Marie Widor of St. Sulpice, Dupré's master, with imitating trains one evening at Vespers, that petulant old litteratoor little knew that Widor's most wayward moments at the keyboard were nothing compared with horrors to come.

In the 1890's the F.R.C.O. boys in their pride thought they had the racket all tied up and in the bag. Today they know that was illusion, and serve them right.

Amendment

WE asked a chap in close touch with political circles how you stop Liberals from dancing. He said the best way is to arrange a massacre somewhere abroad. The British Liberal is genuinely upset by any kind of massacre or injustice (with, as any student of current history from the Spanish Civil War to the Stepinac Case is aware, reasonable exceptions). On being upset by a massacre Liberals stop dancing at once and stream home to complain to the Liberal Press. Conservatives feel pretty awful but continue dancing. The Labour boys mind temporarily but sincerely, unless it's the upper or middle class who have copped the packet. Write to your M.P. about this, using block-letters and words of one syllable.

LUNACY FRINGE

By METCALF



A "TIC" niddling up and down in a cornfield.



Angus McBean

Two of the Principal Players in "Oklahoma!"

Walter Donahue as Will Parker, and Dorothea MacFarland as Ado Annie Carnes (the girl who couldn't say no) in the record-breaking American musical play which is filling the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. It is a simple but colourful story of early American life in Indian territory, with lyrical music based on American folk-tunes. Fine performances from a young and enthusiastic cast make *Oklahoma!* an unforgettable landmark in the history of musical comedy.

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

A MAN bought a house on the boundary separating Russia from Rumania, but was uncertain which country it was in, especially as he received demand notes for rates from the officials of both.

A surveyor employed to determine the question had much difficulty in doing so. However, six months later he gave his verdict.

"The house," he said, "is definitely in Rumania."
"Thank Heavens," ejaculated the owner, "I couldn't possibly stand another Russian winter."

THE salesman was having a difficult time selling Mr. Levi a dictograph. "Think of the time it will save you. Instead of waiting for your secretary to come in every time you want to write a letter, you just dictate it into this machine. Whenever you have a free moment, the dictograph is ready and waiting for you."

Levi was unimpressed. In despair the salesman brought forth his final suggestion. "Let me install one of these machines for a week, absolutely without cost to you. If, at the end of that time, it hasn't done everything I said it would, I'll take it away again."

Mr. Levi agreed, and at the end of the week the salesman came back. As soon as he came in Mr. Levi screamed at him: "Take this machine out from mine office. Take it out quick."

The salesman was taken aback. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Didn't it do everything I promised?"

"Yes, it did everything you said," conceded Levi, "but did you ever hear mit vot an eccent it speaks?"

THE golf-club bore and grouser was complaining bitterly at the "nineteenth" about worm-casts on the greens. The secretary happened to come in and was immediately buttonholed.

"Isn't this the time of year to treat worms?" the grouser demanded.

"Yes," was the reply. "What'll you have?"

JONES was hard up. He had gone north on business, and found himself stranded. So he put through a trunk call to Smith.

"Hullo," he asked. "Is that Smith?"

"Yes."

"I say, old man, I'm in a fix. I'm stranded up here without any money. Can you wire me a fiver?"

"Sorry, Jones, I can't hear you."

"I say, I'm stranded up here—no cash. Can you lend me a fiver?"

"Can't catch a word. Say it again."

"I-tell-you-I'm-stranded-up-here-without-any-money. Can-you-wire-me-a-fiver?"

"There must be something wrong with this line. Can't get the sense of it at all. Don't you think—"

At this stage the operator chipped in: "There's nothing wrong with the line. I can hear the caller distinctly."

"Oh, can you?" said Smith. "Then you lend him the fiver!"

A WOMAN who entered the witness-box at the magistrate's court was told to raise her right hand and take the oath. She raised her left hand and swore to tell the truth.

"Your right hand," admonished the magistrate.

Again she raised her left hand.

"You must raise your right hand!" insisted the magistrate.

"But I'm left-handed, your honour," she replied.

AN official conducting a Government quiz called on Mrs. Brown and asked her what she did with herself all day.

"I keep the house clean, cook all the meals, wash the dishes, do all the laundry, mend the clothes and queue for food," she replied.

The official thanked her and made an entry in his notebook. It read:

"Mrs. Brown—Housewife—no occupation."

Sabretache

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

MAP-MAKING has ever been a pastime with an irresistible fascination for some people, and at the same time it is one that is fraught with many and great dangers, especially if the cartographer proposes to alter someone else's landmarks and also introduce "corridors"! What a peck of trouble the map-makers procured for the world after the First German War! It was the very right bait for a Hitler! And now someone else is out to do the same thing all over again in that most inflammable region, India. The keen-witted and very determined advocate of Pakistan proposes to acquire the Punjab—which is, in a measure, understandable—and also most of Bengal. This would give him the ports of Karachi and Calcutta, Delhi, the capital of India, and much more besides, including the Golden Temple of the Sikhs at Amritsar, more beautiful, I think, in many ways than The Taj itself. This will leave Bombay and Madras to the Hindu, and throw the main responsibility for the defence of the most dangerous frontier upon the Pakistan Army. It is suggested that Bengal and the Punjab should be linked by a corridor, which perforce would run through the most warlike section of non-Moslem India and be flanked by some very unfriendly persons. Some corridor! Even Danzig looks like Bond Street on a nice sunny spring morning by comparison! It is also proposed to split up this magnificent fighting machine, the Indian Army. That army, good as we know it is, could not take on the defence of India unaided, supposing someone whom every distinguished soldier who has been C-in-C. has known must be seriously considered, might elect to play ugly. If this should happen it would be a bad waste of time drawing lines upon maps, making corridors, and so forth! How many first-class divisions would be wanted before anyone had time to swap knives?

Indian Interlude

THE following amusing yarn, which may well turn out to be true, comes to me from Lieut.-Commander H. S. Robinson, V.D., R.N.V.R., who served all through the Burma operations and collected it at first hand:

The good wishes of his countrymen will be with Viscount Mountbatten, Viceroy and Commander-in-Chief, India, in the difficult task he has taken over from his distinguished predecessor. That there is still a long way to go before any measure of unity can be achieved in India is shown by the following incident which occurred a few months ago in South-East Asia Command.

The scene was the usual mud-baked parade-ground surrounded by coconut palms and a handful of inquisitive local inhabitants. In the background a battalion of Indian infantry rested while the pipe band tuned up its instruments. In the Officers' Mess the Colonel had flung himself into a long chair and lit a meditative cigarette preparatory to resuming his supervision of the rehearsal of the march-past which was due to take place next day before the G.O.C. and a number of V.I.P.s.

The Subadar-Major entered and stood before him.



Distinguished Indian in This Country

Mr. Najmuddin, son of His Holiness the Supreme Pontiff of the Dawoodi Bohras, who is over in this country on a buying mission. He is talking to the Earl of Listowel (left) and the Earl of Scarbrough

"Is it true, Sahib, that you are leaving the Regiment?" he asked.

"It is true, Subadar-Major," replied the Colonel. "After thirty years it is time I found a little villa at Cheltenham and retired."

"Is it true, Sahib," persisted the Indian officer, "that the other Sahibs are leaving the Regiment?"

"It will be, Subadar-Major. When the Government of India takes over, the Sahibs will leave."

"Sahib," continued the Subadar-Major urgently, "our fathers before us and their fathers before them have served the British Raj. What are we to do?"

For a moment the Colonel's thoughts flickered back over the years to the days when, as a subaltern, he had entered Indian homes in the north, striven manfully with strange and potent drinks, and looked at aged and carefully-tended Sam Browne belts, flanked with campaign medals; honoured decorations on the walls.

"Subadar-Major," he said gently, "you must serve the Government of India as faithfully as you have served the British Raj."

"Colonel-Sahib," pleaded the Indian, "we are fighting Rajputs. What have we to do with the Government of India? Did not the Sahib hold an *ishcool* for the sepoys the other day? Did not the Sahib ask them what they knew of Gandhi, and they said Gandhi they did not know? Did not the Sahib ask them what they knew of Jinnah, and Jinnah they did not know? What have we to do with a Government of India?"

"Still, Subadar-Major," persisted the Colonel, "when the time comes you must serve your Government."

For a brief moment the dark eyes under the brown puggaree held those of the seated man, then the Subadar-Major spoke quietly:

"Is it true, Sahib, as I have heard the Sahibs say in Mess, that the Bengalis hold the All-India running championship?"

"It is true, Subadar-Major."

"Is it true, Sahib, that the Bengalis hold the All-India swimming championship?"

"It is true, Subadar-Major, but what of it?"

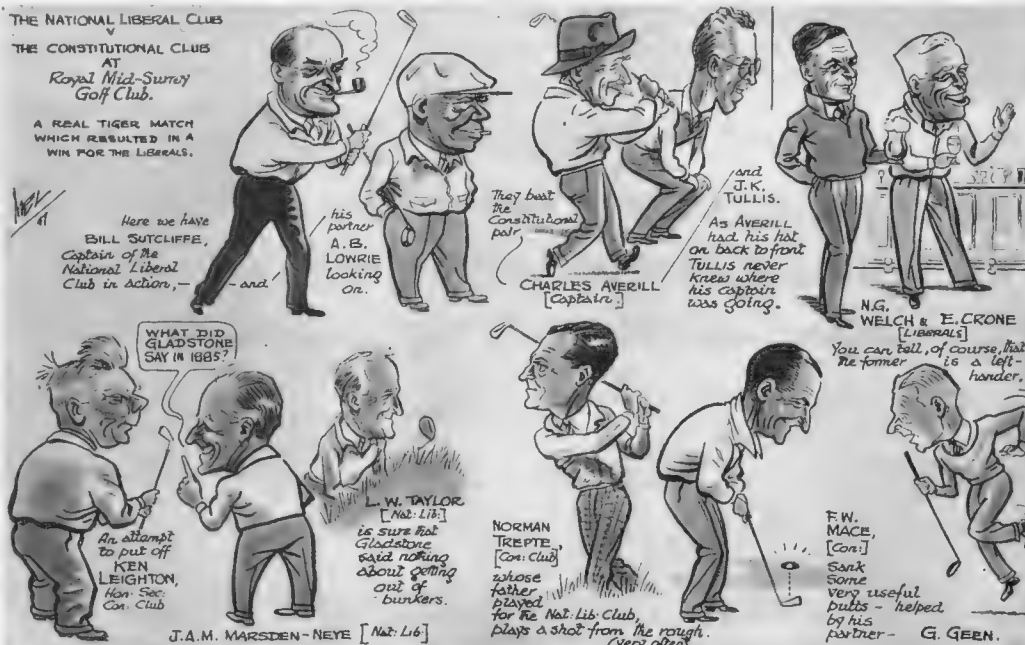
"Then, Sahib," concluded the Indian, "when the British Raj leaves India the Bengalis will need to be able to run and to swim!"

And with a swift salute he was gone.

The Late Lord Harewood

ALL Yorkshire, and particularly the West Riding, sadly recognises the loss it has sustained by the death of the late Lord Harewood, and it has been a cause of genuine sorrow not only to those who live in England's broadest county, but to a very wide public outside it. Lord Harewood was so closely identified with two things, fox-hunting and racing, so dear to every Yorkshire heart, and was such a distinguished supporter of both, that it would have been strange indeed if he had not occupied the place he did in the affections of his fellow-Yorkshiremen. During his Masterships of the Bramham he most worthily upheld the tradition set up by the families of Lascelles and Lane-Fox, and until quite recently the Mastership has never been out of the keeping of a member of one or other of these historic families. Where the late peer was concerned, at any time when other duties called him away, his place was taken by his brother, the late Hon. Edward Lascelles, who was just as good a man to hounds, and as fully imbued as was the Master with the belief that the best place in which to catch a fox is in the kennel. When the late Lord Harewood married H.R.H. Princess Mary, now the Princess Royal, he was joined by a partner every whit as keen as himself, and well able to find her way over a by-no-means-easy country in the wake of one of the best-bred packs of hounds in the Three Kingdoms. At the period when I knew them, the Bramham had enjoyed a continuity of breeding of well over 135 years, and how much

this means need hardly be stressed. The country is well foxed, but it has been truly said that it takes a real artist to catch 'em, for it is not the best scenting region in the world. George Gulliver, who was huntsman in 1928, broke the Bramham record of the well-known Tom Smith of 71½ brace by bringing to book 75½, and that, as many may tell you, took a power of doing. Probably it will now stand for all time—more's the pity! It is hardly necessary, so I opine, to give expression to the sympathy of, at any rate, the whole hunting world felt for H.R.H. the Princess Royal and the other members of the former Master's family.

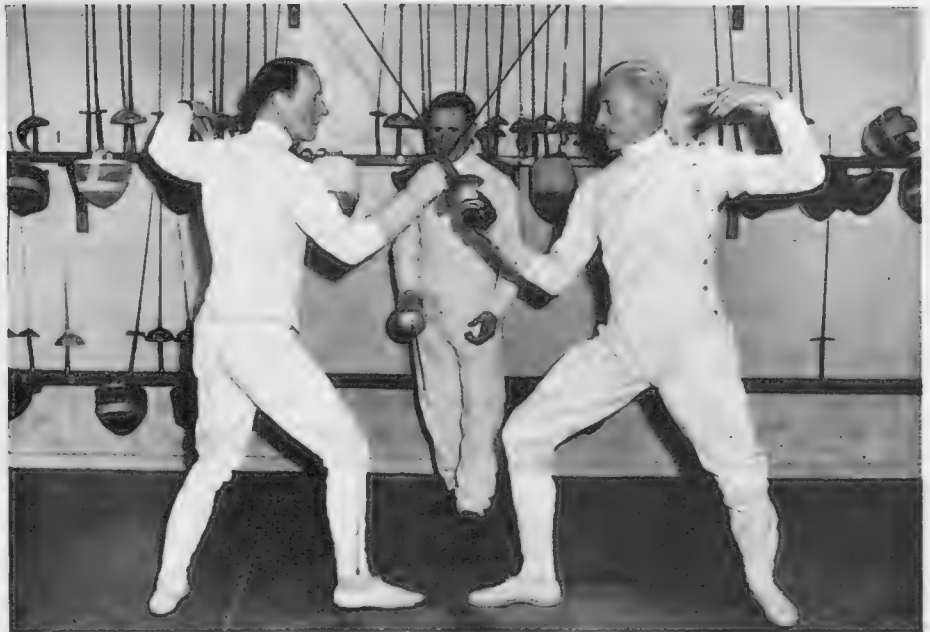


A Golf Match Between the National Liberal Club and the Constitutional Club, by "Mel"

World Fencing Championship



S. L. McKinlay (Glasgow), who lost by two holes to R. D. Chapman in the semi-final



Preparing for the World Fencing Championship were S/Ldr. T. E. Beddard and Capt. David Craig, who are seen receiving their final instructions from the Maître, A. Parkins, at the Lansdowne Club. The World Fencing Championship was held in Lisbon, Portugal



J. G. Campbell (Kilmacolm), who beat W. S. Wise (Beaconsfield) in the sixth round by 2 and 1



Richard Chapman, U.S.A., playing out of the rough during his match against R. Rutherford



Winner of the British Amateur Golf Championship. W. Turnesa (White Plains, U.S.A.), who beat R. Chapman by 3 and 2 at Carnoustie. He is receiving the cup from the Earl of Strathmore

British Amateur Golf Championship

Scoreboard



"SO free we seem, so fetter'd fast we are." These words, so applicable to-day to any Englishman, who can hardly go to the Cloakroom without signing in triplicate, popped into my bald head as I was reading of a Rumanian lady tennis-player who had been ordered home by her Lawn

Tennis authority to play in some footling triangular tournament. "Though obviously upset," said the report, "she went on to court and won the Final." If I had been she (what perfect grammar we use), I would have gone on to court with a racket in each hand and hit balls into the gaping crowd. Hitting balls into the crowd at square-leg and coverpoint, on purpose, has not been done since about the year 1927, when a Belgian Davis Cup player, stung beyond endurance by the corruption of a home linesman at Prague, bombarded the spectators with powerful back-handers. And staph me if I wouldn't know what to do with a cablegram from a bunch of hook-nosed committee-men with buttoned boots, detachable neckties and artificial smiles. *Ne illegitimis carborundum*. Don't let the baskets grind you down.

IT is now unlikely that Mr. Quintin Hogg and Mrs. Braddock will pair up in the Mixed Doubles at Wimbledon, anyhow this year. "I am quite ready to play tennis with Mr. Hogg," said Mrs. Braddock, when interviewed on the sands at Margate; "we have had our tiffs; but he's quite a nice gentleman when you know him. But tennis, as a game, is undemocratic. Excuse me now, please; I hear the curfew for high tea."

THE Stewards of the Greyhound Association are to consider a very dubious occurrence recently on the track. A white dog, owned by a Mr. Koschzke, came in comfortably last in the first race. In the next race, the same dog,

painted mauve with green spots, was an easy winner. In the last race of the evening it came in third, all white again now, except for the green spots. Mr. Koschzke suggests that the animal was suffering from Racing Measles (*Rubella Festinans*). When told that the consultant veterinary surgeon had never heard of the disease, he said: "What that guy doesn't know would make an Encyclopædia."

ESPERANTO JONES, the International Sportsman, who often tries to swim the Channel on his back, believes that most sports would be improved by being done backwards. "Spectators," he told me, "are growing tired of seeing things played the right way round. Doing things backwards develops little-used muscles." Here he flexed his diaphragm, and his collar-stud flew out and cracked the mirror above his handsome Adam overmantel. "When cricket becomes dull, which it sometimes does," he continued with a jolly laugh, "the batsman could turn round and the bowler release the ball backwards." Esperanto Jones is to organise a backwards walking race from Land's End to John o' Groats. Competitors will be provided with small mirrors.

TO-DAY, Somerset begin a cricket match with Derbyshire at Chesterfield, which lent its name to a piece of furniture and to the noble Lord who received that greatest of all rockets from Dr. Sam Johnson. It is a pleasant ground, and small enough to give the batsmen a feeling of intimacy with their critics in the crowd. Here, in 1904, Percy Perrin of Essex played a wonderful innings of 343 not out. It included sixty-eight 4's. Yet he was on the losing side. Derbyshire won by 9 wickets. Essex were out for 97 in their second innings. Of these, E. H. D. Sewell hit up 41. Sewell is now the doyen of critics. He sits each summer at the same window in the Long Room at Lord's, and tries, with little success, to find something good in latter-day cricket. But his growl is worse than his grip.

R.C. Robertson Glasgow

ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK REVIEWS

"P.Q. 17"

"An Astrologer's Day"

"The Inn Closes for Christmas"

"Cultural Forces in British Life To-day"

"P.Q. 17," by Godfrey Winn (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), is sub-titled "A Story of a Ship." The ship is the *Pozarica*—known to friends as *The Pozy*—an anti-aircraft cruiser which sailed as part of the escort of convoy "P.Q. 17" on the "Russian Run" in the summer of 1942. "So long," the publishers say, "as naval strategy is a source of speculation, the controversy regarding the fate of P.Q. 17 will be debated and discussed. It happened that Godfrey Winn was the only war correspondent in the convoy. As he had not yet entered the Navy himself as an ordinary seaman, he was able to keep a day-to-day diary which has proved invaluable in recapturing the sweep of events."

It is, apparently, in face of considerable opposition that this book reaches us. Mr. Winn was determined to write it: he felt that failure to do so would amount not only to the breaking of a promise, but to defaulting in a major obligation. On many sides, however, he would have seemed to have met the "Oh, for heaven's sake let's forget that!" attitude. The climax of this, of which he tells in the Prologue, was a conversation at lunch—a lunch in the course of which he was being invited to return to Fleet Street. His host was not only a power in the Street, but "was also credited with having his finger firmly on the Pulse of the Public." This host voiced disapproval of the P.Q. 17 project in no unqualified terms—

You can write books later, when you've had enough of the Street. That's what H. V. Morton did. Besides, in ten years' time the war will be "news" again. It was last time. Remember *All Quiet*? In ten years' time, that's when you'll get the sales. Now's the time for you to be out and about, with your nose to the scent. The war's over. The public are sick of war books, anything to do with the war. Ask your publisher, ask any bookseller. Now it's the future, the problems of reconstruction you should think about, write about, interest your readers in. Come back and I'll give you a platform where you'll be read by millions instead of thousands. . . .

"There's just one more book I must write first. You see, I promised . . . and in ten years' time I shall have forgotten all the details. It will all seem so far off. . . ."

He was frowning. "It's a war book, of course?"

"Yes, I am afraid so. It's the story of 'P.Q. 17.'"

"'P.Q. 17'?" For a moment I thought he was querying the code name of the convoy that

was destined to be described in the House of Lords as "the worst voyage in the world," but the name, much bandied about behind censors' doors at one moment, had stuck in the editorial bin of his war consciousness. Still, that did not help me. "Surely you must see, as a newspaper man," he went on, "how stale that is now. Oh, I admit it was a big story when it broke, and you got back with it, from Archangel, but the censors would not let you tell it then. That's the way things happen. Anyway, who the heck wants to hear about Russian convoys now?"

* * *

THIS conversation (which I have had to cut, though at the cost, I think, of under-rather than over-stressing) may or may not come as an eye-opener to you. Mr. Winn's host may simply, with the abruptness of a busy man, have been stating an already-recognised fact. If so, it is an indictment of us, readers. Are we "sick of war books"? If we seem to ourselves to be no more than gliding, as unostentatiously as possible, perhaps even shamefacedly, away from them, the Fleet Street pundit's frankness should bring us up sharp. Which is no harm. And he follows up the above statements with good-enough-sounding advice—i.e., that Mr. Winn should, henceforward, apply himself to writing about "the problems of to-day, not yesterday."

To this we have, to reflect upon, Mr. Winn's reply—"But all the same, I can't forget yesterday. I dare say it's very stupid of me, but I don't want to, either. I have a hunch that's what went wrong last time. People were encouraged to forget too quickly." Surely, in that diagnosis, he may be right? Quite apart from the injustice—nay, more, I think, the enormity—of ringing down, in haste, a curtain of silence upon heroic stories still untold, the amputation of the immediate past from the present is an operation not, surely, to be performed without danger? Can a peace based on forgetfulness be anything but a peace built on sand? Heaven knows we have enough to consider now; but none the less the relevancies of war remain the relevancies of peace. At this very time when there is so much to do, do we not need most of all to remember the super-human things of which men are capable?

HERE we, at all events, have—and we should be thankful—the P.Q. 17 story—told with the simplicity, the near-upness, the eye and the heart for human detail to be expected from Mr. Winn. Or, rather, we have the story of *The Pozy*—ship, officers and men—first as part of the convoy, then—after the order to disperse—in its solitary and precarious adventures. To read is to live through those tense July days, in which saving let-ups from the unceasing strain were found in so many snatched little conversations, absurd jokes, revealing small episodes. Also, we have the companies of the other ships which, after the dispersal, found themselves moored along the same quayside near Archangel. The North Russian scenes of that grim summer are memorable—and fraught, from one angle, with minor tragicomedies: never were more stark disappointments, for the men of *The Pozy*, than the "Natashas" of this particular port, who flung away gifts of chocolate as though they had been bombs and behaved at club dances like prison wardresses.

On the higher-up plane there was, at the same time, met something more sinister, graver and disheartening: an absolute scepticism, on the Russian side, as to the reality of British aid. Because the expected convoys failed to arrive it was, implacably, argued that they had never started. In so far as that scepticism still, retrospectively, acts, and is one element in settlement difficulties to-day, it is surely to be desired (as Mr. Winn has said) that the truths of the P.Q. 17 story should be known to Russia? Nor are they, in however different a sense, less cogent and valuable to us.

* * *

R. K. NARAYAN's latest book is, this time, a collection of short stories—*An Astrologer's Day* (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 8s. 6d.). This Indian author's name by now holds considerable promise for British readers: it stands for a blend of the lyrical with the funny, for a sometimes grave, sometimes smiling, real, if never quite artless, naïveté. As a novel, I found Mr. Narayan's *The English Teacher*, which came out last summer, perfect; and now he shows himself, with *An Astrologer's Day*, to be no less a master of the short story.

This is a writer totally unpolitical: not a touch of demonstration or of argument mars his pictures of the Indian scene. He loves, honours and is amused by life, the life he sees around him, for its own sake—and what could be a better attitude for an artist? He knows his own country as Chekov knew pre-revolutionary Russia and Maupassant France—and indeed, something akin to the genius of those European short-story writers seems to inform this Asiatic eye and pen. He is, if anything, more like Chekov than like Maupassant—being less ruthless than the latter, less impatient with people. His characters—or is it his way of seeing them?—have something in common with Chekov's, those Russians of a more charmingly dilatory, less purposeful day

Eton Quincentenary Exhibition

Five of the pictures on loan for the Quincentenary Exhibition which opened on June 4th at Eton. The exhibition is divided into two sections. In the School Hall are landscapes and portraits of Eton, among which are two from the collection of H.M. the King, and some engravings and an interesting collection of clothes and objects used in connection with Montem. In the Election Hall and Chamber are selections from the College silver, MSS., College books and deeds



"Eton College Chapel"; by Canaletto, painted in 1747.
Lent by the Trustees of the National Gallery

than this. Fatalism, easy-goingness, chattiness, inability or reluctance to cope, a certain sweet elasticity with regard to the boring truth, a lack of the sense of time—or what is it?

The stories in *An Astrologer's Day* are set, chiefly, in modest but orderly quarters of Madras or in villages in the remote country. (It is noticeable that almost every one of Mr. Narayan's town-dwellers has behind him "his village," to which he means to retreat should any town situation become untenable; also, that what I should call a country sense of propriety rules the suburban or small-street home.) The characters, like the situations, are diverse—a postman (hero of that sympathetic story, "The Missing Mail"), a doctor, several civil servants, a watchman, a gateman, boy and girl children, students, a priest, a chauffeur . . . nor can one overlook dogs; in "The Blind Dog" and "Attila" (one touching, the other blandly funny), Mr. Narayan seems to have canine temperament taped. The most pleasing tales of sheer misadventure—and oh, dear me, how many things can go wrong!—have as narrator-hero our friend the Talkative Man: from his lips come "The Roman Image," "The Tiger's Claw," the exquisitely comic "Engine Trouble," and others. It is hard to single out particular stories in a collection whose general level is so high; but I cannot but mention "A Snake in the Grass," "The Axe," "The Performing Child," and "Under the Banyan Tree"—in which we see a whole lonely, down-at-the-heel village living a grand-style dream life, bound up in an enchantment, by the miracle of its old story-teller's art.

CLEDWYN HUGHES, Welsh, seems to me less happy in relation to his nationality than is Mr. Narayan in relation to his. That is to say, he is still overpowered by being Welsh in the sense that the other is not overpowered by being Indian. The Welsh, like sometimes we Irish, do, I think, as writers find it difficult to adjust themselves to the, after all, natural phenomenon of race. At its worst (to begin by being severe) Mr. Hughes' writing reads like a parody of the stock Welsh generic literary manner—which seems to me true of

several of his compatriots on their off days. All the same, there is something to be respected—and more, something fascinating—here. *The Inn Closes for Christmas* (Pilot Press; 9s. 6d.) consists of two short novels: the title-story, which has been placed second, and *The Different Drummer*—which, realistic in a tormented way, contains nauseous but vivid views of work in a knacker's yard and, later, a hideous air-raid episode in a city. The hero, Llew Morgan, is depicted as one of those fated creatures for ever moving against the stream of public opinion. The second, the "Inn" story, not Welsh in scene, is a horror-study, with as subject a dentist who develops a fear-neurosis about his wife's artificial leg. The publishers, I see, claim that *The Inn Closes for Christmas* is of the same family as *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* and *The Turn of the Screw*. If so, it is of a junior branch, for Mr. Hughes disdains that kind of control, or suggestive reticence, which seems essential to first-rate horror writing. None the less, there are scenes in both stories which do not leave one's memory. Certainly, here is an author who has what it takes, if only he would deliver the goods less violently.

RECORD OF THE WEEK

Perhaps the best score Irving Berlin has written is that which he has set down for the new musical, *Annie Get Your Gun*. It has every kind of number in it, and the discriminating will appreciate the subtle harmonies of *I Got Lost In His Arms* as much as they will the grand humour in *Doin' What Comes Naturally*, and the tremendous slickness and verve of *Show Business*. Ethel Merman is the star of the records, and she features on most of them, but it is Robert Lenn and Kathleen Carnes who sing, *Who Do You Love I Hope*, with such particular charm that I am sure it will not be long before everyone is humming this number. The Merman's leading man, Ray Middleton, has a good voice and works well with her in *Anything You Can Do, I Can Do* and, of course, Merman herself puts every ounce of punch and feeling into her own numbers. The records now available are on Brunswick and the accompanying orchestra is under the direction of Jay Blackton, who has done a really grand job. Robert Tredinnick.

been published, by the above Institute (whose address is 29, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1), at 1s. 6d.; and I should like to commend it to your attention. As a note on more hopeful currents in our democracy it is important. David Hardman, M.P., in his introductory address, defines culture as "the ability to think actively and vividly coupled with mental receptivity to beauty, and a disposition which is tolerant and receptive to humane feeling." Francis Williams, C.B.E., speaks on "The Press"; Dr. B. Ifor Evans on "The Arts"; Sir William Haley, K.C.M.G., on "Broadcasting and British Life"; and E. Arnot Robertson on "The Cinema." Sir Philip Morris, C.B.E., sums up the Conference. J. B. Priestley also apparently spoke on books, but his talk, for reasons given, could not be printed here.



"Triennial Ceremony of the Procession Ad Montem 1838"; engraved by Hunt after Campion. Lent by Thomas Agnew and Sons



"Ad Montem Celebrations in the School Yard"; by William Evans. Lent by H. S. Goodhart-Rendel



"Horace Walpole in Masquerade Dress"; by Rosalba Carriera, painted in Italy in 1741. Lent by Lord Walpole



"Celebration of the Fourth of June Procession of Boats in 1838"; Evans after C. G. Lewis. Lent by Charles des Graz



Volterra — de Berg

Monsieur Leon Volterra, the well-known French theatrical producer and racehorse owner, with his bride, Mlle. Suzy de Berg (née Grimberg), late of the Grand Opera House Corps de Ballet, after their wedding at the old church at Antibes

THE TATLER
AND BYSTANDER
JUNE 11, 1947
34



Harries — Parson

S/Ldr. Raymond H. Harries, D.S.O., D.F.C., only son of the late Mr. R. H. Harries and of Mrs. Harries, of Dolphin Square, London, married Miss Doreen Margaret Parson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Parson, of Rangoon, Burma, in Maidenhead



Hensby — Brindley

Mr. F. A. Hensby, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Hensby, of Pelican Lodge, Newmarket, married Miss M. E. Brindley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brindley, of Gonville Lodge, Cambridge, at St. Paul's Church, Cambridge

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Thomas — Lucas

Col. Robert Freeman Thomas, Royal Artillery, younger son of Sir Robert Thomas, Bt., and Lady Thomas, of Garreglwyd, Holyhead, married Miss Marcia Lucas, daughter of Mr. Walter Lucas, the war correspondent, at St. Columba's Church, Mount Street



Pearn — Gillespie

Capt. Anthony Warwick Cory Pearn, Royal Marines, son of Capt. and Mrs. E. J. J. Pearn, of Taunton, Somerset, married Miss Heather Dare Gillespie, daughter of the Hon. R. D. and Mrs. Gillespie, of Repulse Bay, Hong Kong, at St. John's Cathedral, Hong Kong



Upjohn — Lucas

Mr. Gerald Ritchie Upjohn, C.B.E., K.C., of 19, Collingham Road, S.W.5, son of the late Mr. W. H. and Mrs. Upjohn, married Miss Marjorie Lucas, younger daughter of the late Major E. M. Lucas and of Mrs. Lucas, of Brockenhurst, Hants., at St. Michael's, Lyndhurst



Maclaren — Abney-Hastings

Major David Kenneth Maclaren, youngest son of the late Dr. Norman Maclaren, and of Mrs. Maclaren, of Russhill Cottage, Charlwood, Surrey, married Lady Edith Abney-Hastings, youngest daughter of Major R. M. C. Abney-Hastings and of the Countess of Loudoun



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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Pamela Williams, eldest daughter of Captain Leslie Williams, M.B.E., of Abbey Lodge, Chertsey, Surrey, who is to marry Mr. Michael Patterson, M.C., Colonial Administrative Service, son of the late Harold Patterson, H.B.M., Consular Service



Navana

Miss Valerie Elizabeth Martin is the only daughter of Mr. H. F. Martin, and of Mrs. G. M. Martin, of 155 Sloane Street, S.W.1. Her engagement was announced last month to Dr. Peter Sidney Davis, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney J. Davis, of Oaklands, Dallington, Northampton



Lenare

Miss Maureen Anne Marie Gahan is the elder daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. John Gahan, of 31 Nottingham Place, London, W.1. She is to marry Mr. John Grafton Temple-Smith, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Temple-Smith, of 10 St. John's Wood Road, London, N.W.8



Harlip

Miss Diana Susan Sursham only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Sursham, of Markyate Cell, Markyate, Herts, is to be married in July to Major Ian Niall MacArthur Campbell, (late Black Watch) only son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. K. J. Campbell (Strachur), of Old Ninnings, Bedmond, Herts



Miss Jean McKinnon Wood, who is to marry Mr. Oswald Peter Trubshawe, son of Mrs. W. V. Trubshawe, of Little Shaws, West Wittering, Sussex. Miss McKinnon Wood is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. McKinnon Wood, of Upper Vann, Hambledon, Surrey



Pearl Freeman

Miss Aline C. Wilson, younger daughter of the late Carlos B. Wilson, and of Mrs. Wilson of 50 Sloane Street, S.W.1, who is to be married on the twenty-first of this month to Mr. John Lavallin Puxley, younger son of the Rev. H. L. and Mrs. Puxley, of the White House, Chaddleworth, Berkshire



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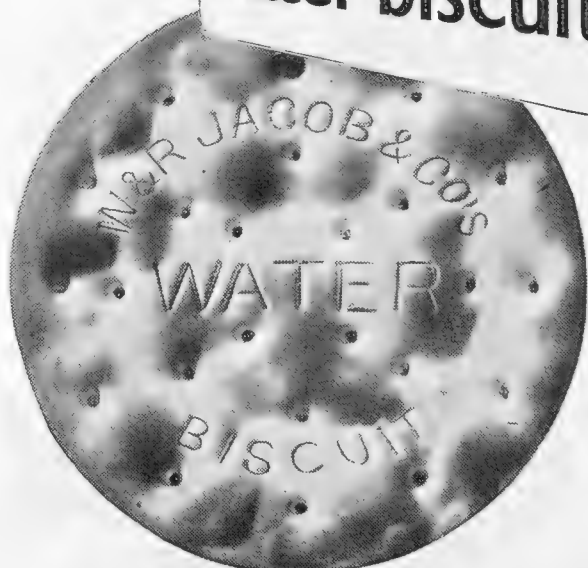
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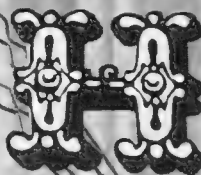
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Oliver Stewarts on FLYING

THE furniture van is a traditional spectacle, with its row of solemn removers sitting on the tail-board and occasionally making caustic comments upon the occupants of following motor cars. So it seems strange at first to think of the Aerovan as a genuine aerial furniture van. Yet I hear from North Sea Air Transport that that is exactly what it was on a recent occasion.

It was chartered from North Sea by Captain Cyril Turner for a move from France to England, the cargo consisting of carpets, curtains, blankets, linen, silver, china, glass, lamps, mirrors, pictures, chairs, French period furniture and kitchen utensils.

Captain Bertie Smallman landed at Ramorantin, close to where Cyril Turner's house is situated. The loading took three-quarters of an hour. Customs were cleared at Le Bourget and Croydon, and the aircraft flew on to Luton near the furniture's destination.

And here are the interesting things about this higher form of furniture removal. First, the air freight was about one-third cheaper than the quotations of several furniture removers; second, the insurance rate by air was one-third of the quotation for road, rail and sea transport; and third, the job took one day against the three months' period asked for by the ordinary removal people.

Think Again

PERHAPS this was a very small affair; but I do not think I am making too much of it because it illustrates the way in which air transport can be made to ease some of those burdens to which we are nowadays subjected; the burdens resulting from the fact that nobody wants to do anything quickly or cheaply.

All the shortages are piled up against the person who is trying to get a job done. If the labour, materials and equipment are there, why, a licence is required from this, that or the other Ministry before a move can be made—and a licence requires six months to obtain.

On the ordinary travel routes aviation has done something to cut through these gloomy barriers and give the passenger a more pleasant ride.

But in the less ordinary journey the air way can often offer an immediate escape from gloom, from frustration, from rudeness, from queues and from excessive charges. Those who think of taking the train on holiday ought to think again and make a point of finding out what air charter can offer.

Uncivil Aviation

WHEN expenditure on research was being discussed in Parliament the other day it was stated that an unspecified and apparently unspecified amount of the money voted for "defence" research went to civil aviation.

I was astonished that Members did not challenge this statement and press for further information. Surely their memories are not so short that they do not recall how civil aviation was being used for war preparations before 1939. Britain has always stood out against this deception and has tried to keep her civil aviation genuinely civil.

And all who believe in the larger value of flying must be anxious that a clear dividing line should be maintained between civil aviation and military aviation in matters of government expenditure.

It is indeed tragic to think that we are now doing what we criticized the Germans for doing; making civil aviation do a certain amount of military work as a sideline. I hope the matter will be raised again and that expenditure on civil aviation will be carefully distinguished from expenditure on defence.

Meet the Metre

THE International Civil Aviation Organization has taken a step which will be widely applauded in recommending the standardization of the metric system, the twenty-four hour clock and the centigrade temperature scale for all civil aircraft operation through-



At Zurich Airport. Baroness de Bürhole and her daughter Hortense having inspected the Hunting Aviation Travel's "Dove," talk over the merits of the plane with Captain W. S. Blackett

out the world. They have added the nautical mile and the knot.

The nautical mile and the knot do not fit into the rest of the metrological structure; but the compromise is perhaps inevitable owing to the fixed prejudices of air navigators. But the step is so great an advance that it must be welcomed.

Aviation, being a world affair, must use world measures. And, however picturesque, the British imperial measures, the foot, the yard, the pound and the rest of it, are totally unsuited to a rational engineering activity like flying.

I know that the constructing companies quail before the thought of changing over to the metric system in the construction of aircraft because of the difficulty of changing their machine tools. But that is not so great a difficulty as they have tried to suggest. And as the world becomes more scientific, so it must go metric. Eventually aircraft makers will have to change. Meanwhile it is good to know that the crazy Anglo-Saxon measures are to disappear from civil aircraft operation.

We can at last say goodbye to that fantastic thing the statute mile, and to the no less fantastic gallon (U.S. and imperial). I.C.A.O. has done a valuable service to flying.

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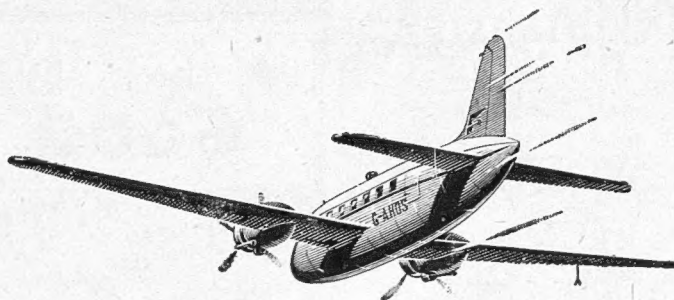
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DOLCIS

There is a Dolcis shoe store in every large town





The origin of the Helston Furry Dance is obscure, but there is no doubt that it is centuries old. Every year, early in the morning of the 8th May, drums are beaten through the town to proclaim a public holiday. Thirty or forty couples lead the dance — the men wearing top hats, morning clothes with lily of the valley buttonholes, and the women in their gayest frocks. With a brass band playing the traditional 'Furry' tune, everyone joins in to dance through the streets and in and out of the houses, from the Corn Market to the Angel Inn. A grand ball is usually held to round off the day's revelry.

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